



# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,196—Vol. XLVI.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1878.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]

## THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR.

THE new Chinese Ambassador to the United States, Chun Lan Pin, appears to possess eminent qualifications for the responsible position to which he has been elevated. All the members of the Embassy are, of course, greatly superior in breeding, manners, physiognomy and education to the plebeian Chinese with whom we have become familiar; they are all members of the higher classes of China, and are polished, cultured gentlemen; but the first Ambassador is the most distinguished of the entire group. He is upwards of sixty years of age; his features are regular and his countenance intelligent and pleasing, with scanty whiskers about his mouth and chin. He is a man of deep learning, being a graduate of the Han Lin College, of the highest class, and a man of extensive travel and observation as well. In 1872 he visited this country as chief Commissioner in charge of the Chinese students sent to be educated in the Connecticut colleges, and he subsequently visited England and Spain on similar missions. In 1874 he was one of the three Commissioners who were sent by the Chinese Government to Cuba, to investigate the condition of the Chinese laborers there. After locating the several consulates appointed for the United States he will visit Spain and procure the recognition of a Consul for Cuba, and thence proceed to Peru for a similar purpose. He will then return to Washington and take up his abode as resident Minister. The Vice-Minister at Washington will be Yung Wing, who graduated at Yale College with high scholastic and literary honor, receiving the degree of LL.D. He subsequently devoted himself to awakening his countrymen to the needs of reform in education, and his efforts gained official recognition. Yeh Yuan Tsun, Consul-General, is a well-educated man, and thoroughly schooled in commercial usages from experience gained in Hong Kong. Sit Ming Cook, appointed Consul for San Francisco, was educated at New Bedford, and speaks English as fluently as his mother tongue. He is well known and very popular with all the foreigners in

China. Previous to accepting his present official position he was engaged as one of the managers of the China Merchants' Company, and he is largely interested in the China Steam Transportation Company. There are a number of secretaries and interpreters, a portion of them educated in this country, who will be located in Washington and distributed to the different consulates contemplated. The Embassy was registered at San Francisco as follows:  
H. E. Chun Lan Pin, Chief of Embassy, Canton; Yeh Yuan Tsun, Ambassador,

Nanking; Sit Ming Cook, Consul at San Francisco, Canton; Chin Shu Ting, Canton; Lin Leang Yuan, Canton; Chun Wai Kroun, Canton; Lin Tseang, Canton; Woo Cheah Shon, Chekiang; Shen Chen Woo, Chekiang; Chun Ho Chun, Nanking; Chai Sin Yoong, Amoy; Lin Rwan Chung, Canton; Yung Hai, Canton; Sing Tah, Peking; Yen Sz Chee, Chekiang; Sin Ching Foo, Chekiang; Rin Yen Su, Chekiang; Woo Lai Tang, Nanking; Yang Waing Tai, Canton; Chung Ling Leang, Canton; Chin Shin Yin, Canton; Tseng Youri Nani, Canton;

Chin Mo, Canton; Yung Woong Choong, Canton; Lee Yan Lun, Canton, and servants. After resting a while in San Francisco, Chun Lan Pin, with his suite, proceeded to Hartford, where he will remain until the early part of September, when he will be formally introduced to President Hayes. In the meantime he will accept no public civilities.

One of the first subjects which will be brought to the attention of the Embassy by our Government will be that of the Burlingame treaty with China, so far as it

relates to the wholesale immigration of Chinese laborers to this country. The Ambassador and the principal persons of his suite are supposed to be prepared to meet the Government half way in any propositions it may make on this subject; but it is evident that they have no sort of sympathy with the intolerant sentiment which menaces their countrymen in California and elsewhere. In a recent interview, a prominent member of the Embassy, in reply to a query as to what he thought of the outcry on the Pacific Slope against Chinese cheap labor, said: "I think it pitiable that anything should arise to interfere with the friendly relations of these two great countries. I do not and cannot for a moment think that the Kearney movement is supported by any but the lowest elements of society, whether East or West. The case is about like this: Those who work the cheapest will get employment, but that will not hurt anybody. If laborers work cheap, the employers can make their goods for less money, and can sell them for less money. It all works the same way. When labor is cheap products are cheaper proportionately, and it is all evened up in the end." "Then you speak without hesitation, having evidently a thorough knowledge of the subject?" "I am treading on the domain of politics," he continued, "but what I have said is nothing but common reason, and we hope, by starting a Consulate in San Francisco to ameliorate somewhat the condition of the Chinese in that city. They are of our lowest class as a rule, although there are a great many wealthy people there too, and all rich and poor, need some kind of protection."



HIS EXCELLENCY CHUN LAN PIN, FIRST AMBASSADOR OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE TO THE UNITED STATES.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
55, 56 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1878.

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## A NEW SERIAL.

In No. 1,200 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we shall commence the publication of a serial story, entitled "A SECRET MARRIAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES," by the Duke de Pomar, author of "The Honeymoon," "Through the Ages," etc. The story is one of deep interest and is exquisitely told.

## THIRD-TERM SPECULATIONS.

WHILE Mr. Potter and his colleagues in the Electoral Investigating Committee are busily engaged in looking for birds in last year's nests, another and a more enterprising class of political quidnuncs are taking wistful auguries for the future, without having before their eyes the fear of the too prospective maiden who counted her chickens before they were hatched. Hitherto we have not indulged in any speculations on the re-emergence of ex-President Grant as the probable standard-bearer of the Republican Party in the next Presidential campaign, because we prefer to concern ourselves with the issues of the "living present" rather than with the shadows which coming events are said by the poet to cast before them. And certainly there is at present no want of living issues which call for earnest and thoughtful consideration that we should begin at this early day to borrow the "toll and trouble" of the next Presidential conflict.

But there are some aspects in which the mere discussion of General Grant's candidature for a third term may be said to mark and make a "sign of the times" through which we are passing, whatever may be the upshot and outcome of the premature agitation. And, in the first place, we beg leave to say that, however untimely it may be in other respects, the agitation comes at least in time to point the moral which we recently felt ourselves called to draw from the dearth of statesmen at the present epoch in our public history, when, more than ever before, the presence and power of statesmanship are felt to be a public want. We are not insensible to the great services which General Grant rendered to his country as the commander who brought our late Civil War to a successful issue, and the other services performed in certain acts of his Presidential terms, and at this stage of his illustrious career we would not, if we could, tarnish a single one of the laurels with which a grateful people has adorned his brow. But we cannot forget, if we would, that in his original selection as a Presidential candidate small account was taken of the civic talents which he was supposed to combine with his military virtues, because, at that time, the disordered state of the country, still reeling under the throes and agitations of a Titanic struggle, was deemed to stand more in need of the latter than of the former. And it is no unjust reflection on the political administration of General Grant to say that it fell below the measure of his fame as a successful military chieftain, and, instead of adding to his permanent renown, has tended rather to jeopardize his repute when weighed in the scales

of impartial history. If, then, in the existing posture of events, and with the experience already had of his administrative failures, the Republican Party should again place General Grant at the head of its columns, it would be practically a confession—untrue in point of fact—that the party had ceased to be the nursery of statesmen.

And the significance of the confession would be intensified by the circumstances under which it was made. We do not question at all the right of the people to select whom they please as the recipients of their honors, and we are free to admit that the popular objections brought against "the third term," as a continuation of the first and the second enjoyed by General Grant, are mitigated by the fact that, relegated as he now is to the estate of a private citizen, our "Cæsar" can take no active and personal part in forestalling the result which seems to be acclaimed by his faithful legionaries in the Republican ranks.

But after due allowance made for this circumstance, which alters the case, it still remains to be said that, with the precedents already so deeply rooted in our political history, the election of General Grant for a third term would be an innovation of serious portent, not so much for the stability of democratic institutions, but for the wholesome and beneficent propagation of those institutions in the line traced and followed by the republican founders of our Government. Such an innovation would not be so remarkable in itself as for what it implied—implying, as it would, such an impoverishment of the blood in our body politic that it was no longer equal to the maintenance of that high lineage which has thus far filled the list of American Presidents with so many exemplars of statesmanship; or implying, as it would, that our political situation in 1880 had become so desperate as to call for a "savior of society," who, if he knows little of statesmanly methods, at least knows how to rule with a strong and steady hand.

We are not of those who believe in the "Decline and Fall of the Republic" because, for the nonce, our politicians are at their wit's end in the hunt for telling issues or for available candidates. We believe there are still wisdom enough and virtue enough in the minds and hearts of the people to bring order out of chaos, without requiring us to do violence to the hereditary traditions of our civil history, and without imposing on the country the necessity of advertising for a Curtius who will plunge on horseback into the "chasm which threatens to engulf the public welfare." The chasm which has been opened in our forum calls for the "domestic fortitudes" which Cicero has praised in his "Offices," and not for the "military fortitudes" which are in place when a different kind of peril is to be confronted.

## GERMANY AND THE POPE.

THE alienation of the German Empire from the Holy See has long been the subject of great anxiety to the Papal authorities at Rome. Nor is this much to be wondered at. For a thousand years the Holy Roman Empire reflected not only the power of the Cæsars, but the majesty and far-reaching authority of the Roman Pontiff. Cæsar ruled, but he ruled by a delegated authority. From the days of Charlemagne until the year 1806, when the imperial sceptre dropped from the hand of Francis II., the throne of Germany was a gift from the Papacy. In 1866 the German Empire was practically restored under the leadership of Prussia; and later, during the Franco-German war, the King of Prussia mounted the vacant throne of the Cæsars, and assumed the title of Emperor William the First. Since the latter date, relations the reverse of friendly have existed between the Imperial Government and the Holy See; and down to the death of Pío Nono the strife was incessant and severe. The Papacy was charged with conspiring against the new order of things in Germany. Severe and repressive measures were adopted and enforced against the Catholics in Germany. Retaliatory measures were adopted by the Vatican in turn, and the Church in Germany was encouraged to resist and withhold its allegiance. In the interests of all parties, it is desirable that this strife should cease. The Papacy has but small chance, indeed, of being able to restore the Holy Roman Empire, and of subjecting the temporal to the control of the spiritual authority. The authorities at Berlin have as little chance of being able to suppress or to coerce into obedience the Catholic Church within the bounds of the Empire. If absolute agreement and full reconciliation is impossible, it is for the interest of the Empire and for the interest of the Church that they should effect a compromise and, at least, agree to differ.

For the last two weeks all manner of rumors have prevailed as to the result of the negotiations between the Vatican and the Government at Berlin. The Papal Nuncio, we know, has had several interviews with Prince Bismarck at Kissingen.

One day we are told that there can be no reconciliation unless the hated Falk Laws are abolished, and that Bismarck has consented to make some satisfactory change. Another day we are told that, anxious to make an end of the strife, Bismarck has agreed that while the Falk Laws must remain on the statute book, they shall not again be enforced. And yet again, we have had the report that no good understanding could be arrived at, unless the obnoxious ecclesiastical laws were recognized by the bishops, and that such recognition must precede any attempts in the direction of a more satisfactory arrangement. All that we know, for certain, is that the Nuncio is not without the hope of being able to bring his mission to a satisfactory conclusion.

There can, we think, be but little doubt that some good will result from the present negotiations. The present condition of the German Empire renders it extremely desirable that the Government should be able to count with confidence on the sympathy and support of the Catholic bishops and clergy generally. Socialism is rampant, trade is stagnant, the finances of the country are at a low ebb, and there prevails generally among all ranks and classes of the people a feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they are. If the different States of Germany are to be brought into harmonious unity, it is necessary that there should be peace at home as well as peace abroad. Foreign and domestic strife must be equally avoided. There is no likelihood of any foreign war at present. Germany is not threatened by any of her neighbors. The presumption, therefore, is that Bismarck will take advantage of the opportunity now offered of modifying somewhat his treatment of the Catholic Church within the limits of the Empire, and, by this means, of rallying that Church to his support. The late elections must have convinced him that, in the divided condition of parties, he needs such support. The success of the negotiations, however, will depend very much on the prudence and skill and moderation of the Vatican. Bismarck will never consent to any arrangement which would imply an *imperium in imperio*. The laws of the State must be supreme. The will of the Emperor in Germany must be superior to the will of the Pope. Of this Pope Leo and his advisers are fully aware; and we may feel well assured that, unless they had been prepared to make some concessions and to proceed in a spirit of compromise, they would not have entered upon these negotiations.

Reconciliation with Germany will no doubt be followed by attempts to bring about a better understanding with other Governments. Negotiations are already in progress at St. Petersburg, at Berne and in London. Many obstacles lie in the way of a perfect understanding with these different Governments; they are not, however, insuperable, and for the desirableness of the result the effort will be worthy. It will be a proud triumph if Pope Leo should succeed in bringing the Holy See into friendly relations with all the Powers, whether great or small.

## THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

IT was comparatively easy to make peace on paper at the Berlin Congress. But to establish peace in reality has proved to be more difficult. Indeed, since the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina first began, the news from those provinces and, although to a lesser degree, from Servia, Montenegro and Albania, has chiefly consisted of war-bulletins. The resistance unexpectedly encountered by the Austrian troops has been desperate. The Austrian occupation is by no means a mere military parade; it is a campaign, and it threatens to become virtually a conquest. Several of the combats in which the Austrians have been forced to engage have turned out to be severe battles, notably the battle lasting twelve hours near Tuzla, on August 11th, and resulting in the rout and retreat of General Szapary's division. The ultimate success, however, of the Austrian army of occupation is unquestionable. Emperor Francis Joseph has been seriously annoyed by the determined resistance against his troops. He has attributed it quite as much to a Pan-Slavist as to a Turkish source. Sufficient pressure was brought to bear upon the Porte, at least, to make it agree upon a basis for a convention with Austria. This was signed on the 15th of August by Count Andrassy and Caratheodori Pasha. The Porte has also been constrained, at length, to ratify the Berlin Treaty. It has also admitted, in a note to Greece, the possibility of coming to an understanding with that Power, whose pretensions were at first so exorbitant as to endanger even her just demands.

The Russians occupied Varna in Bulgaria on the 11th of August. The Czar, in a telegram to the Sultan, insisted on the evacuation of Batoum, and the Sultan has had to yield to Russia and German pres-

sure on this point. The Russians are to evacuate Adrianople within six weeks. The embarkation of 40,000 men of the Russian Imperial Guard on their return home was to begin on the 17th of August, according to a Constantinople dispatch. As soon as this embarkation shall be completed, Admiral Hornby is to withdraw his section of the British fleet from the Princes Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, to Gallipoli, but not to retire to the Mediterranean until the remainder of the Russian troops have retired west of Chatalja and the Turks are in secure possession of those works. The Admiral will then leave ships enough at Gallipoli and in the Gulf of Saros to maintain the inviolability of the Peninsula until all the Russians are beyond Adrianople or across the Balkans.

The recent imposing naval display by the Czar's fleet at Cronstadt was regarded by the British Government as a sort of challenge, and the grand review of the British fleet by Empress-Queen Victoria, on the 13th of August, was intended as a defiant response. Torrents of rain made the latter a complete failure as a spectacle, but the London journals did not fail to remark that this great fleet was but a small part of the entire British fleet which is to be seen on all seas throughout the world. A St. Petersburg journal has taken pains to announce that the late reports of an advance by three divisions of the Russian army in Central Asia towards the frontiers of the British Empire in India, related to movements contemplated at a time when England was preparing for war with Russia, and that these have since been countermanded. Even if this were true, it would still be manifest that such an advance is but temporarily postponed. It is certain, at all events, that an embassy from St. Petersburg is on the way to Caboul, one of the capitals of Afghanistan; while, on the other hand, it is announced that an English mission, escorted by cavalry, will leave Pashawar for Caboul in September. The two Western giants, which are also great Asiatic Powers, must, sooner or later, confront each other in the remote East. Meanwhile, by the acquisition of Cyprus, Great Britain is virtually mistress of all the territory of Turkey in Asia. She has pledged herself to guarantee it against all outside aggression. Logically, then, it can claim the right to take every precaution requisite for the defense of the soil. As the proposed railway line from Tripoli of Tyre to Kawait lies wholly within the Ottoman territory, it is difficult to imagine that anything can arise to hinder the realization of this project. England thus really holds to-day the key of the Indies. Commanding, at once, from Cyprus, the entrance of the Suez Canal and the route of the Persian Gulf, she finds that she has made an acquisition more precious for herself, perhaps, than even that of Constantinople.

The new German Parliament has been convoked for the 9th of September. It is significant of the forceful current of public opinion, strongly thwarted as it has been by Bismarck's severe measures for the repression of social democracy, that at the second ballots so many Socialists have been returned to the Reichstag. Bismarck's Bill for the avowed purpose of stamping out German socialism is so stringent as to be apt to cause a dangerous and revolutionary reaction. Indeed a reign of terror has already been caused by the hundreds of arrests of alleged Socialists since the attempts of Hoedel and Nobiling to assassinate Emperor William. The assassin Hoedel was beheaded at daybreak on August 16th.

Russia has its own internal troubles. On the 16th of August an attempt was made by two assassins to kill General Mezentzow, chief of the Czar's private police, as he was leaving a shop at the corner of Place Michel, in St. Petersburg. The General fell wounded, and was conveyed home. The assassins jumped into a droschky and escaped. The Russian Government recently ordered the dissolution of the Pan-Slavist Committee of Charity in Moscow, on account of its revolutionary principles. The celebrated agitator Aksakoff was expelled from Moscow. No less a personage than the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army in Turkey, has been accused, with great particularity and thus far without official contradiction, of having accepted a bribe of seven million roubles, during the Russo-Turkish war, from the company which undertook to supply his army with provisions.

Finally, Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, in her Royal speech, proroguing the British Parliament on the 16th of August until the 2d of November, congratulated Parliament on the conclusion of a satisfactory and durable peace by the Berlin Congress, and referred to the Cyprus treaty as a guarantee of Turkish independence and a pledge of reform. The Empress-Queen adroitly attributed the pacific solution of Eastern difficulties to the support of Parliament, praised the spirit and alacrity of the land and naval forces, and alluded with special gratification to the conduct of the Indian army and the loyal



attitude of the Indian princes. It may be added in this connection that the rumored speedy return home of the Indian contingent seems somewhat inexplicable.

#### A GROWING INDUSTRY.

THE rapid development of the dairy interest in this country is about to be signalized by a grand national exhibition of dairy products, to be held in New York during the coming Fall. For several months past the leading members of the trade have been exerting themselves to bring this movement into effect, the Western producers especially displaying earnest zeal in its favor. Recently, however, the merchants of New York have assumed to themselves the entire burden by contributing the funds requisite for inaugurating and sustaining the exhibition on a basis of free admittance, besides about \$5,000 which are to be offered in various minor amounts as prizes for the most creditable displays. The system of "points," which was adopted in the Centennial dairy exhibit, will regulate the decision of the judges. This will be the first national Dairy Fair ever held in the United States, and its projectors entertain confident hopes of the results to which it will lead. In Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe such exhibitions are of frequent occurrence. The leading one thus far was that held in Hamburg in the Spring of 1877, at which all the dairy producing countries of the civilized world were represented, though the United States exhibitors on that occasion appeared to lay greater stress upon the inventive talent of their countrymen than upon their skill as first-rate producers. This distinction, however, arose rather from a misconception of the circumstances than from necessity, and should a similar competition ever be entered into, it would be seen that the dairy products of America are capable of bearing the closest comparison with those of France, or England, or Denmark. Indeed, it appears that, young as the interest is in this country, we are in a fair way for soon outstripping our elder competitors of Europe. Professor Sheldon, of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, England, in an address made recently in Birmingham, dwelt at great length upon the potent influence which the American dairy has exerted upon that of England, in compelling the latter to adopt new methods and improve its ways generally, in order that it might be in any degree able to withstand the competition of its transatlantic rival. And the bills of lading of the steamers which leave this port weekly show in how great and how rapidly increasing favor American butter and cheese are held in foreign countries.

The statistics of the dairy interest in the United States involve the use of figures which, at first inspection, must seem to savor of exaggeration. Few producers, even, of the other great staples, have any definite idea of the important position which this industry occupies in the natural economy. A prominent statesman, after investigating the subject, declared that "the greatest progress ever made in any branch of agriculture has been in the development of the staple products of the American dairy." If this assertion was true two years ago, when it was made, it has received additional emphasis during the interval, the yearly exports of cheese alone having increased in that time nearly 20,000,000 pounds. The dairy production of the country last year is estimated, in round numbers, at 225,000,000 pounds of cheese and 710,000,000 pounds of butter, the combined value of which was over \$207,000,000. Adding to this estimate the value of the milk consumed in the United States in its natural shape, as well as in other products than butter and cheese, the aggregate annual value of the commodity exceeds \$600,000,000. This, however, does not include the capital invested in the dairy industry. A consideration of this branch of the subject leads the mind into some curious speculations. The latest official count, made in 1875, showed the number of cows used for dairy purposes in the United States to be considerably over 10,000,000. Valuing these at forty-five dollars per head, the animals alone represent a capital of \$450,000,000. It requires three acres of land to support each cow, so that there must be 30,000,000 acres devoted to that purpose, which, at the low average cost of thirty dollars an acre, would represent a capital of \$900,000,000. Adding to this the capital invested in teams, wagons and dairy implements, say \$100,000,000, and it is certainly not less than that amount, the total investment of capital in this single industry reaches the formidable aggregate of \$1,450,000,000. Compared with the banking capital of the country, as reported for 1877 by the Comptroller of the Currency, the aggregate capital of the national banks exceeds by \$30,000,000 only the single item of cows; and the capital invested in banks, other than savings banks, is but seventy-five per cent. of the investment of dairymen in lands. Adding to the amount invested in banking the amount of

all individual deposits in all banks of the country other than savings-banks, the amount of banking capital and deposits is \$1,790,964,586, or less than twenty per cent. greater than that invested in the American dairy business.

The significance of the dairy interest in its relation to our foreign commerce is equally striking. Its growth has been enormous. The United States Commissioner of Customs, in a report published last Winter, stated that during the past sixty years, of all the articles of American export only three had shown a larger percentage of increase than butter and cheese, namely, unmanufactured cotton, spirits of turpentine and leather. Our exports of cheese, which in 1830 were less than 700,000 pounds, in 1860 had risen to 15,500,000 pounds. In 1870 they amounted to 57,296,327 pounds. In 1877 they were 107,364,666 pounds, and this year even those large figures will be exceeded, the shipments from the 1st of May to the first week in August having already amounted to forty-one per cent. of the entire shipments of 1877. From this port alone there have been over 25,000,000 pounds more shipped than had been exported hence at the corresponding time last year.

From a variety of causes unusually low prices have ruled during the present season, but the increased sales have fully compensated for the falling-off in that respect. Five-sixths of our products go to Great Britain. Notwithstanding that country procures its largest supplies of butter from France, and that the United States furnish it less than either Holland, Denmark or Germany, our butter exports to England in 1877 amounted in value to upwards of \$2,250,000, and the export of cheese to the same country that year earned for our dairy dealers nearly \$11,500,000. The summary thus briefly given of the American dairy industry shows that it is entitled to rank among our leading commercial interests. The figures cited are quoted from the highest authorities, mostly official, and may be accepted as rather understating than magnifying the subject. In the light they throw upon its business importance, it is reasonable to expect a brilliant display at the forthcoming National Exhibition.

THE Indian war appears to be ended. The scattered bands of hostiles are assembling for surrender, and there is no probability of any immediate further trouble. But until the Government shall deal justly with all the tribes, and see that every engagement with them is sacredly kept, it cannot be expected that outbreaks will not now and then occur. General Howard seems, in the recent campaign, to have managed his forces judiciously and effectively, and will no doubt receive the commendation to which he is entitled.

THE export returns for the month of July show an increase of \$5,000,000 over the total for the same month last year, and of \$3,190,706 over the aggregate for July, 1876. At the same time, the aggregate value of imports for the month just closed was \$3,368,310 less than the total for July of last year. These figures are eminently suggestive. If the year as a whole shall show continued expansion of merchandise exports and the same ratio of decrease in importations that has been exhibited during the past twelve months, our commercial and agricultural interests will be placed upon a foundation where they can defy the ordinary hazards of business.

WHILE Mr. Dennis Kearney is bemoaning the hard condition of Irish laborers in the United States, consular reports inform us that in Ireland laborers employed upon the public works receive only four dollars per week, or sixty-six cents per day, while skilled workmen—such as carpenters, masons, and painters—earn on an average but eight dollars a week. Mr. Kearney will not dispute that, even when antagonized by "Chinese cheap labor," the working classes of this country are infinitely better off than his countrymen are thus shown to be. If he honestly desires to rank as a reformer and benefactor, it is plain that he should transfer his labors at once to the land whence he comes.

AMONG the annoyances resulting from the prevalence of yellow fever in New Orleans, the telegraph mentions the practical suspension of the mails and of business communication with other cities. The letters of New Orleans business men have been very generally returned from Vicksburg, Memphis, and other points; but, curiously enough, newspapers have been permitted to go through unchallenged. The New Orleans Chamber of Commerce has felt compelled to protest against the stoppage of the mails, and, in an address issued July 9th, reminds "the cities of the interior that this arrest of boats, barges and cars

—this suspension of sales and collections—this embarrassment of debtors and creditors—this blockade of travelers, mails and merchandise—may, if not arrested, become itself epidemic and react upon other communities and produce a sincere sympathy with the troubles it has occasioned New Orleans." Of course, the embargo of the mail has not stopped the march of the plague, which, at last accounts, was proving more fatal in Grenada and Memphis than it had been in New Orleans.

THE outbreak in Ottawa, Ontario, last week, in which the Orangemen and Catholics came into collision, with serious injury to persons and property, affords another exhibition of the intensity of the hatreds growing out of the battle of the Boyne. It is now two centuries since the culmination of the events in which these animosities had their origin, and that they should be kept alive here on foreign soil, or anywhere on the face of the earth, is a disgrace to human nature, and a blot upon the boasted civilization of the age. It is high time that stern and inexorable measures should everywhere be adopted for the repression of a feud so irrational and inexcusable, and for the punishment of all persons whatever who carry their religious antagonisms to the pitch of actual interference with the rights or opinions of others.

At the late election in Alabama the Democratic State ticket received 80,000 votes, there being no opposition. The Legislature will be almost entirely Democratic. This is an unfortunate condition of affairs. A strong and active minority always contributes to the maintenance of good government in the restraint it imposes upon the arrogance of the majority. The liberties and rights of the people are never entirely safe where the public administration feels no sense of responsibility, and is exempt from liability to criticism. The evils of "carpet-bag" rule at the South were simply the evils resulting from the domination of an insolent minority; and now that the "carpet-bag" element has been eliminated, the people who have an actual interest in the welfare of the section should take care that no intolerant partisan despotism of another sort or name is erected in its place.

THERE is a growing disposition among public men of the better class, abroad as well as here, to resist the domination of the caucus system. One of the latest illustrations of this tendency is furnished by Right Hon. W. E. Forster, who for seventeen years has represented the borough of Bradford in the English Parliament. Mr. Forster having been invited to stand as one of the Liberal candidates at the next election, subject to the rules of the Liberal Association, with particular reference to that which provides that a candidate must agree to be guided by the decisions of the said association, announces that he will not accept on terms which would so seriously compromise his independence. It was a downright impertinence for any organization to ask pledges of any sort of a man like Mr. Forster, who for years has been conspicuous for his sympathy with all Liberal and progressive ideas, and his prompt and manly vindication of the right of individual judgment is as timely as it will no doubt be salutary. This is the second revolt of prominent Liberals against the nominating system—John Locke, a member of Parliament for Southwark, having previously taken the same ground now occupied by Mr. Forster.

THERE was a practical exemplification, at the meeting of a Grand Army Post in this city the other evening, of the doctrine of "reconciliation" between North and South. A member of the Post, having made the acquaintance of a poor Confederate soldier, took him to the meeting, where, after the pipes had gone round, he was introduced as "a brother-soldier who had fought on the other side, and from whom a few remarks would be acceptable." The ex-Confederate, greatly astonished, finally responded in a few sentences to the effect that if the troubles resulting from the war had been left to those who did the fighting, all sectional animosities would have been buried by this time and the entire country in a more flourishing condition. This sentiment striking a responsive chord, the visitor was welcomed with the "Grand Army cheer"—a compliment tendered only to the most distinguished guests—and then, business being suspended, a grand fraternal rush was made for the ex-rebel. His hand was shaken; tickets to contemplated excursions, member's business and personal cards, and general invitations without number were thrust upon him, and he was placed in the ranks and escorted with military honors and martial music to his lodgings. Perhaps New York that night held no more astonished man than the recipient of this friendly demonstration.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE centennial of the massacre in Cherry Valley, Otsego County, N. Y., was celebrated August 15th, and a monument was unveiled.

OVER 1,000 representatives of the American shoe and leather trade enjoyed their annual reunion and clambake at Rocky Point, R. I., on August 15th.

COMMISSIONER RAUM believes that his forthcoming report will make a better showing than the Internal Revenue Bureau has made since its organization. The receipts will be extraordinarily large.

THE reunion of Veterans at Mount Vernon, Ill., brought together a crowd larger than any since the campaign of Lincoln and Douglas in 1860. Generals Sherman, Logan, McCook and Shields were there, and Senator Oglesby.

A CIRCULAR prepared by Professor Riley, the entomologist of the Agricultural Department, containing a series of questions regarding the cotton-worm and other insects injurious to the cotton-plant, is being sent out through the South.

YELLOW FEVER is spreading in New Orleans and Vicksburg, but decreasing elsewhere. Nearly half the population of Memphis have left the city, and the remainder are dependent upon the General Government for aid in the way of tents and provisions. In New Orleans the new cases will average one hundred per day, and the fatal ones twenty-five. Dr. Woodworth, Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, has issued a circular to the medical officers of his department, suggesting precautions to prevent the spread of the fever. A case reported in New York on August 17th created considerable uneasiness.

POLITICAL NOTES.—The New York State Democratic Convention will meet at Saratoga, August 22d. Charles Atwater has received the nomination for Governor by the Connecticut Greenback Convention. Petitions are being circulated throughout Massachusetts for signatures urging General Butler to accept the nomination for Governor. In Colorado the Greenback Party has nominated R. G. Buckingham for Governor, and adopted a platform protesting against the further issue of bonds by the Government, and demanding the immediate repeal of the Resumption Act, and of all laws authorizing national banks. The Tennessee Democratic Convention, held at Nashville, was the largest ever known in the State. Judge A. S. Marks was nominated for Governor. In Nebraska the Greenback Convention endeavored to nominate a State ticket that will receive Democratic endorsement. L. G. Todd is the choice for Governor. Milton Saylor of Ohio, Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, General Hinton of Virginia, Roger O. Mills of Texas, Benjamin W. Wilson of West Virginia, H. A. Herbert of Alabama, and O. D. Conger of Michigan, have been re-nominated for Congress, while General Banning of Ohio has been laid aside. The Nationals of the Fourth Pennsylvania District have nominated Judge William D. Kelley for re-election to Congress. In the Sixth Iowa District, the Democrats, in declining to nominate a candidate, practically endorse the choice of the Greenback Convention. The Hon. Lorenzo English has consented to become an independent candidate for Congress, in the Ninth Ohio District, against George L. Converse, the Democratic nominee.

##### Foreign.

THE session of the British Parliament was prorogued August 16th, by royal commission, until November 2d.

PRINCE BISMARCK has submitted to the German Federal Council an extremely stringent anti-Socialistic Bill.

THE usual monthly revolution in Santa Domingo broke out August 7th, partisans of Baer and Luteron having united against President Gonzalez.

HANLON won the open scull-race at Barrie, Ontario, August 12th, in 25 minutes and 12 seconds, easily defeating Plasted, Ross and Hosmer.

EMIL HOEDDEL, who attempted to assassinate the Emperor William on May 11th, was beheaded in the court yard of the prison at Berlin, August 16th.

THE German Parliament will be convoked September 9th by imperial decree, and the Emperor is exceedingly anxious to be able to deliver the address in person.

IN consequence of the rain the review by Queen Victoria of the great naval fleet in the British Channel on August 13th, was not as brilliant an affair as was anticipated.

GENERAL MEZENTZOW, who succeeded General Tropoff as Chief of Police at St. Petersburg, was assassinated on August 16th by being stabbed in the region of the heart.

THE Spanish Government has effected an arrangement with a Paris banker for a loan of \$25,000,000, at six per cent. interest, to run fifteen years, and to be guaranteed by the customs receipts of Cuba.

It is believed that England, Turkey and France have entered into an agreement, by which the latter will undertake the protectorate over the Turkish dependency of Tunis, without interfering with the regency.

THE statements in regard to a Russian expedition to Central Asia are said to relate to occurrences belonging to a time when England was preparing for war with Russia. The orders for Russian preparations have since been countermanded.

AN important royal decree is published, ordering the restoration of all property embargoed during the Cuban insurrection, without any exception whatever, to the former owners. This completes the restitution of the rights of citizenship. Political mass-meetings continue to be held in Havana.

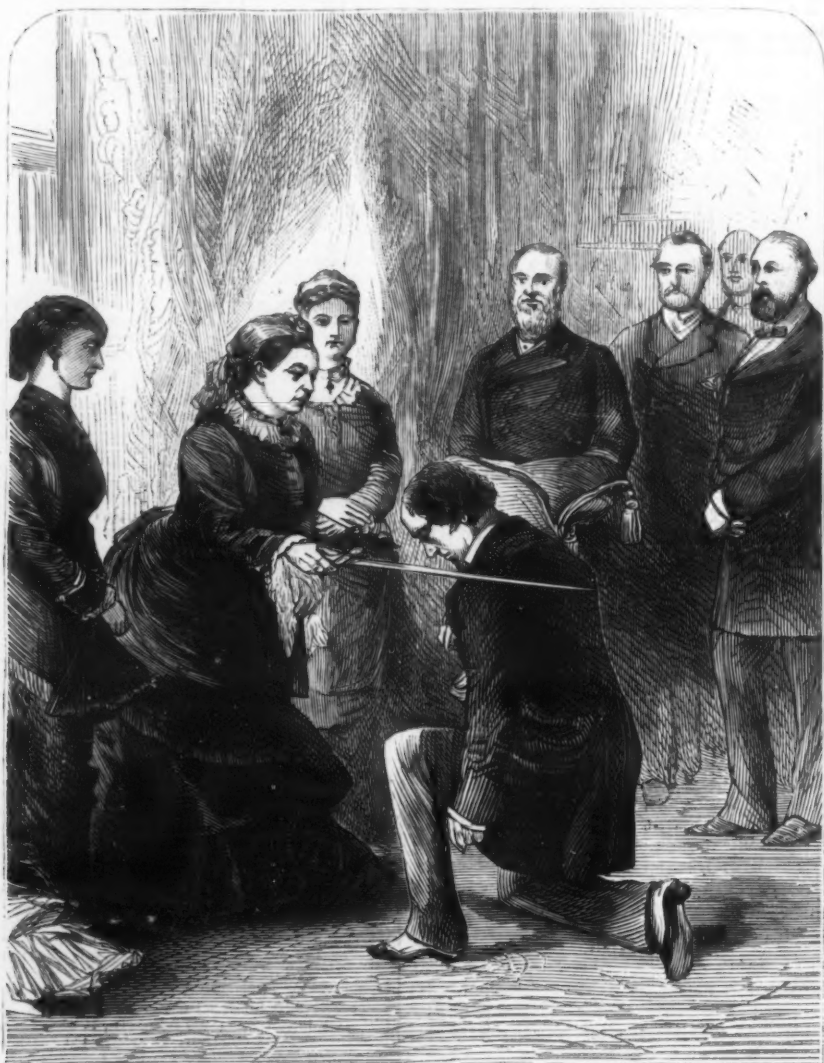
THE Emperor of Austria is sorely troubled over the armed resistance to the occupation of Bosnia, believing the difficulties are fomented in Serbia through Turkish intrigue. General Sapsary's division of the Austrian army of occupation was defeated near Tuzla on the 11th of August, after a battle which lasted twelve hours.

A RIOT broke out in Ottawa, Canada, between the Union men and Young Britons, at midnight on Monday, August 12th, during which shots were freely exchanged and many houses wrecked. On the following day and evening the city appeared to be in the possession of the mob, which was only dispersed by a regiment of the Foot Guards, acting under the orders of the Mayor.

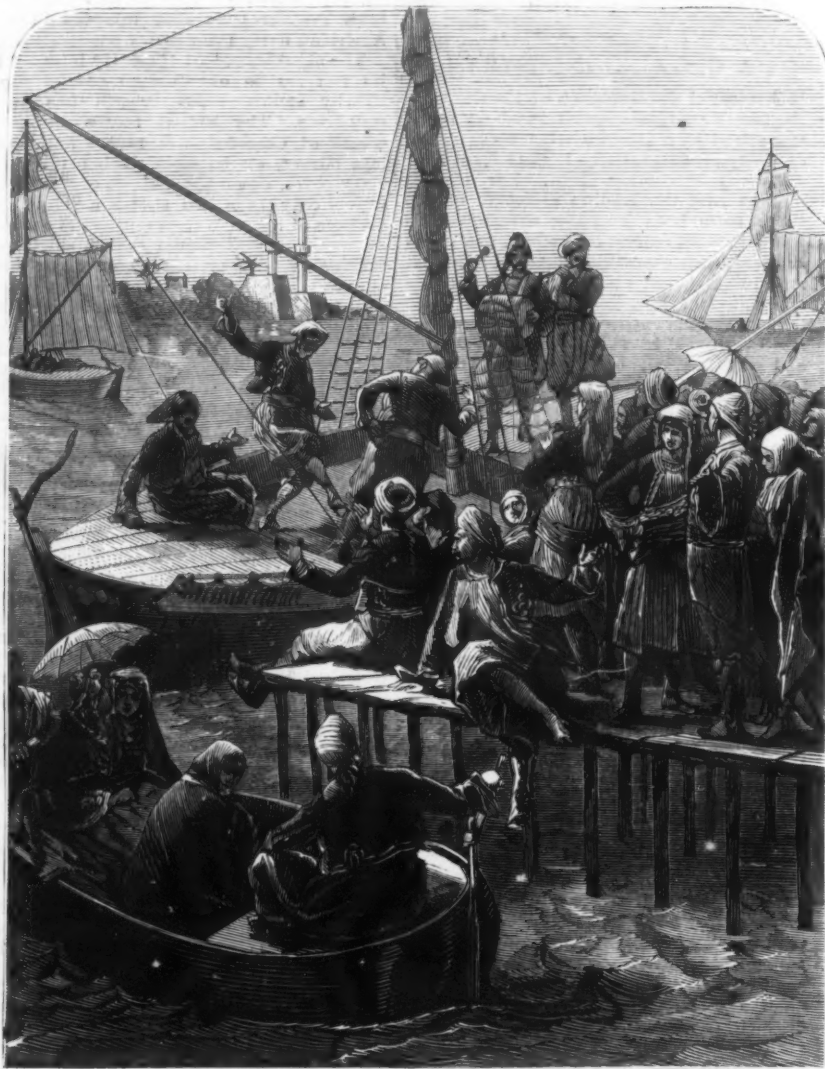
THE draft of the Franco-American commercial treaty provides, among other things, that ad valorem duties shall be converted, as far as possible, into specific duties, and that the American duty on silk be reduced to fifty per cent. for the first year, forty per cent. for the second year, and thenceforward to thirty per cent.; the United States to reduce other duties not exceeding forty per cent. to thirty per cent.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 435.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA INVESTING THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.



CYPRUS.—CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF VENUS AT LARNAKA.



BELGIUM.—NEW BUILDINGS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE ERECTED AT BRUSSELS.



NEW CALEDONIA.—INSURRECTION OF NATIVE TRIBES AT THE FRENCH PENAL COLONY.

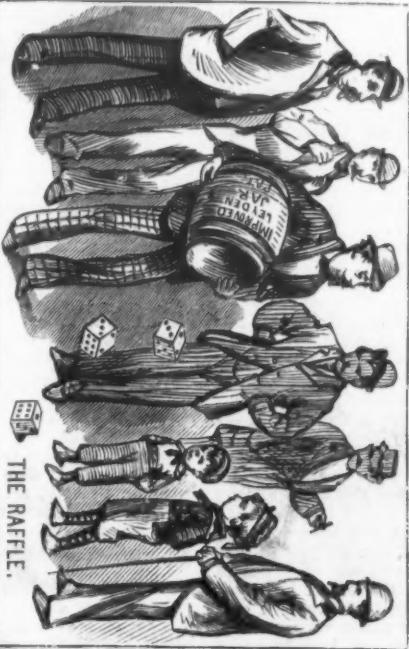
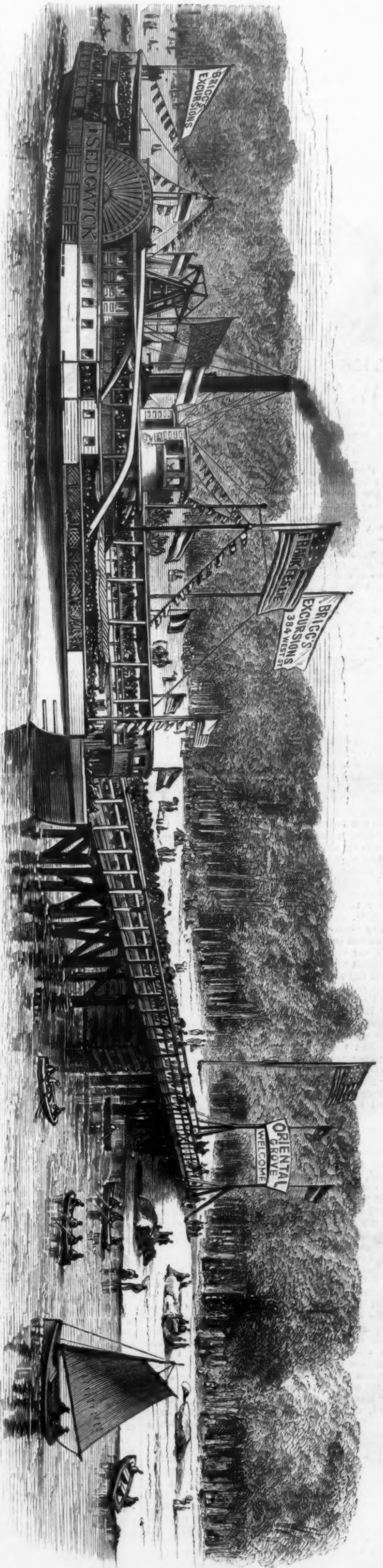


THE PIONEER RAILWAY.—THE CAMERON PONTOON VEHICLE FOR MILITARY USE.

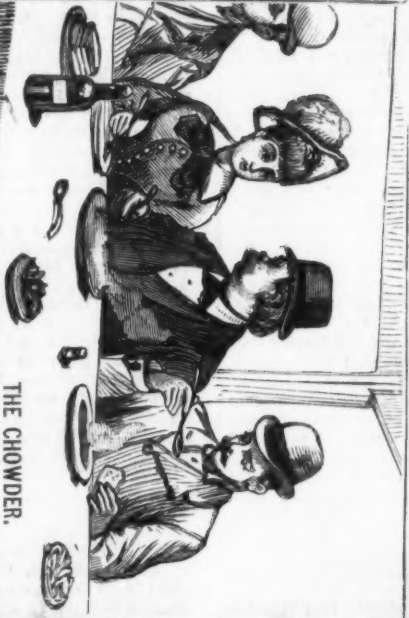


THE PIONEER RAILWAY.—PROPOSED LINE FOR SOUTH AFRICAN OPERATIONS.

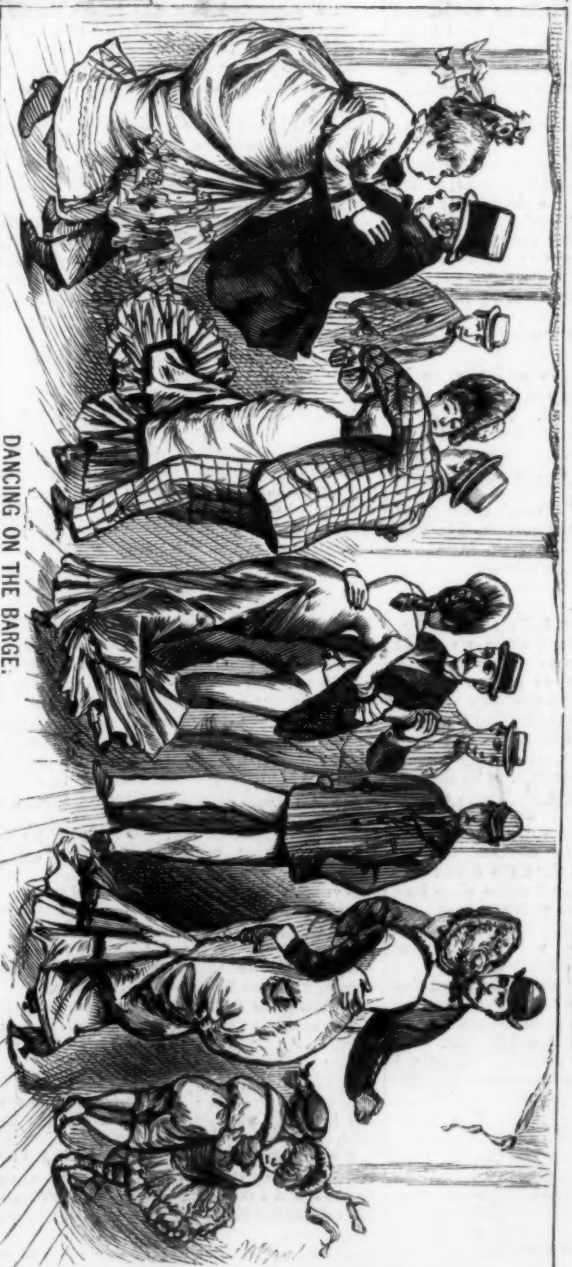




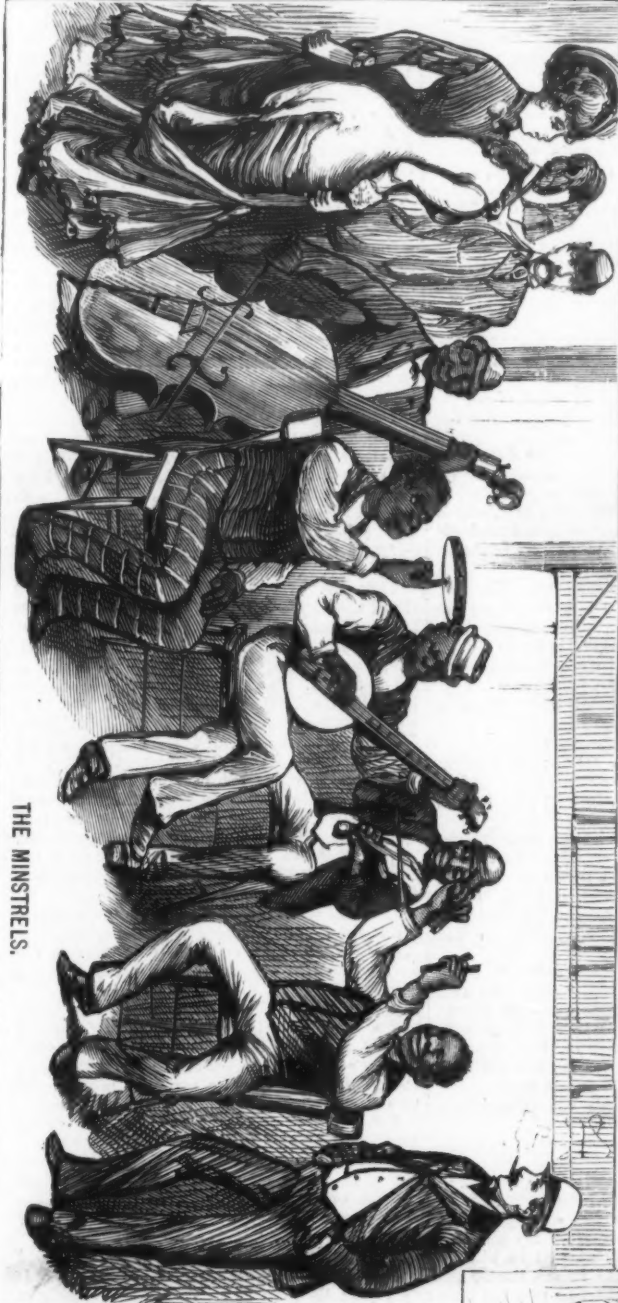
THE RAFFLE.



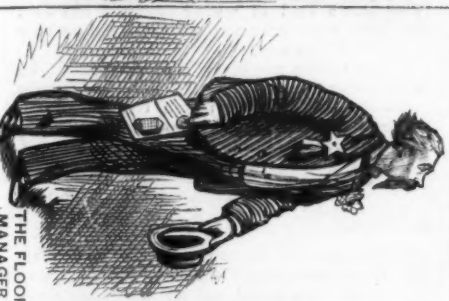
THE CHOWDER.



DANCING ON THE BARGE.



THE MINSTRELS.



THE FLOOR MANAGER.



A QUIET LITTLE CHAT.



ONE MAN WHO DIDN'T DANCE.

LONG ISLAND SOUND.—ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE EMPLOYEES OF FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE TO ORIENTAL GROVE, AUGUST 10TH.—SEE PAGE 431.



## OUR OWN.

I had known in the morning  
How wearily all the day  
The words unkind  
Would trouble my mind,  
I said when I went away,  
I had been more careful, darling,  
Nor given you needless pain;  
But we vex "our own"  
With look and tone  
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening  
I may give you the kiss of peace,  
Yet it might be  
That never for me  
The pain at the heart should cease!  
How many go forth in the morning  
That never come home at night!  
And hearts have been broken,  
By harsh words spoken,  
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger  
And smiles for the sometimes guest,  
But oft for "our own"  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love "our own" the best.  
Ah! lips, with curse impatient!  
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!  
'Twere a cruel fate,  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of the morn.

## THE STRICKEN CREW.

ON a fine morning in the Fall of 1861, the frigate *Melpomene*, one of Her Britannic Majesty's finest screws, in which I was a lieutenant, left Halifax, N. S., under orders for the Bermudas, there to refit, preparatory to proceeding to the coast of America, to watch over English interests; her appointed headquarters to be Fortress Monroe, her captain being allowed to take his time on the passage.

We had entered the Gulf Stream, and were sailing quietly along, when our signal midshipman reported to Captain E—w—t.

"A Danish bark in distress on the weather bow!" "Mr. Haines," commanded the captain, "ask her name, and how we can assist her."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the officer. In a few minutes the bunting fluttered at our mast-head, and all eyes were brought to bear on the stranger.

There was some delay, as merchant vessels are not generally very smart at communications by signal; at last, however, the midshipman reported: "The *Copenhagen*—in want of water and provisions—scurvy bad on board."

"Martin," said Captain E—w—t, addressing our first lieutenant, "let Mr. Edwards take my galley, and board the bark, to see what she may require, and have the cutter ready to send what he finds may be wanted. Dr. Trimble had better accompany him, and see to the sick. Tell Edwards to come to me for orders, before starting."

"Very good, sir," replied Martin. These orders directed me to go on the duty, which led to the events I am about to narrate.

In accordance with them the captain's private six-oared boat was manned, and the assistant-surgeon and myself, having received instructions from our respective chiefs, proceeded to board the *Copenhagen*, find out what she wanted, and signal back to the ship, when the necessary articles would be sent after us in one of the large boats.

I carried with me, however, a few pounds of pork, some biscuit, a little rum and lime-juice, as well as some vegetables from the officers' mess, the doctor taking also along with him a few medical comforts.

The *Copenhagen* was about two miles off, and as we had our fires banked, and were under canvas only, our captain made no attempt to "close" the merchant vessel; besides, it was only a short pull in his fast galley.

As we rowed towards her we were astonished at the Dane making no attempt to close us. "Have you ever been in this part of the world before, Edwards?" asked Trimble of me, as we were nearing the bark.

"No; why?" I returned. "Then you have never experienced the effect of the Gulf Stream?"

"No, I have not; though I have read a good deal about it."

"I have seen its evaporation so great as to become a thick fog, though you could scarcely call it a fog, for it was more like an immense vapor bath, and a very handsome mirror in our mess-room was completely destroyed by it."

As he said this, we had reached the Danish vessel, and I gave no more thought to the subject of our conversation. Once on board, a most wretched spectacle came under our eyes. The vessel was a fine, well-found craft. On the deck lay the helpless crew, in the last stage of starvation, her captain being apparently the only man with sufficient energy to speak to us.

I have seen starvation in many forms; in poor Ireland during the famine of '46, when America so nobly and generously sent assistance in the frigate *Maedonian*; and again, at the Cape of Good Hope, when the Caffres destroyed their cattle and would not till the ground, because a prophet had told them that a mighty spirit would come amongst them, to lead them to victory and the extermination of the white man. I have witnessed these and other scenes of famine suffering, but nothing to compare with that presented by the scurvy-stricken crew of the *Copenhagen*.

"Hand up the provisions—quick! quick!" I cried, and began myself serving out the small supply we had brought with us. There was a strange, eager silence as each man's wants were attended to.

The doctor went on to examine the wretched crew, and apply such remedies as he chanced to have, while I signaled the ship for what provisions were needed.

So much taken up was I with these occupations that I paid no attention to anything else, till, having completed what I was about, my attention was drawn to a strange haze forming to windward. Then I recalled the conversation which had been commenced between the assistant-surgeon and my-

self. Calling him up to me, I said: "Trimble, is that anything like the kind of fog you spoke of?" As I spoke I pointed to the hazy appearance to windward.

"Something of the sort," he answered, "though it does not appear to me exactly like what I have usually observed. Still, I think you will do well to keep the ship in sight."

While we were speaking, old Davis, the coxswain of our boat, came up.

"Please sur," he said to me, touching his hat, "that there haze to wind'ard be'ant a good sign. There be one o' them there nasty fogs a coming on, mark my word, sur."

Without replying to his remarks, I ordered him to send our men to the ropes for trimming sails, as I now understood why the bark had not closed us. Not one of her crew had sufficient strength to move, with the exception of the skipper, and he was too weak even to manage the helm, having barely strength to make signals to us. As he afterwards told me, he had these ready bent on with weights, so that they would run themselves up.

Taking the helm, and directing Trimble to note the *Melpomene's* bearings, I shaped a course for her. The haze had already begun to form into a dense fog; but, as the frigate was in full view of us, I had no anxiety or fear that anything unusual would occur.

I have often thought since that my mind was distracted, and its power of reasoning dulled, by the wretched misery around me; but, be this as it may, in ten minutes from the time I had first noticed the misty appearance, I found myself enveloped in a dense fog, or rather vapor cloud, which hung round the bark and brought on a feeling similar to what one experiences in going into a Turkish bath. Our thermometer leaped up fifteen degrees, and our respiration was painfully affected; though only for a short time, as in a few hours the feeling wore off.

In the meantime, I endeavored to communicate with the *Melpomene* by a system of sound signals similar to that invented by Morse. I first tried with a fog-horn belonging to the bark, but as it had not been taken care of, I could only get a grunt out of it; I next experimented on the bark's bell, but it was a miserable article—cracked and almost soundless.

All this time we could hear the frigate's steam whistle, with which she was signaling to us. But we not only could not return it, but had the further mortification of discovering, by the sound of the whistle growing fainter, that she was leaving us.

Such being the state of affairs, I proceeded to see how matters stood, in the way of provisions, and on inquiry found that there were thirty pounds of biscuit and two gallons of water in the gig, beyond what we had brought with us by special design for the sufferers of the *Copenhagen*. Men-of-war boats, when at sea, always carry a small supply of provisions, a bottle of lime-juice, and a little rum; and as none of us had had our dinners, there now seemed a chance of our having but a very poor one.

"What do you think of this state of affairs?" I asked of Trimble.

"My opinion," he answered, "is, that this fog may last for the next twenty-four hours, and during that time we may lose our ship; so I would husband such resources as are left us. But what on earth are we to do with these unfortunates?" he inquired, with a pitying glance at the famished crew of the *Copenhagen*.

"Upon my word, I don't know. I suppose we must share our biscuit with them."

I now called Davis, and directed him to put a trusty hand in the gig and drop her astern, at the same time telling him that the *Melpomene* must wait till evening for our first meal.

"Well, sur; I thought there was sum'at wrong when I left the frigate. I wor on the conn an' I seed the berometer a goin' up werry fast; so I knowed some natral feenominhon wor a goin' to take place."

"Why did you not mention that before, Davis?" I demanded.

"Because, sur, I thought you 'ud lart at me."

"Well, it's a pity you did not; it might have saved us from being in this fix. But, Davis, we must take good care of what food we have left; the frigate has evidently parted from us, though I have no doubt but that she will be in sight when the weather clears."

As I spoke, a gun boomed through the fog, but it was difficult to make out its direction. The bark had on board of her an old Danish brass six-pounder, but not a thimbleful of powder; so here, again, I was prevented from exchanging communications with the frigate.

Under these circumstances, feeling no anxiety, and only that, should the worst come, we might experience the inconvenience of empty stomachs for a few hours, I determined to lay the bark to, as I felt certain that our captain would do the same with the frigate, and that we should find her at no great distance when the fog lifted.

By this time, it being four o'clock in the afternoon, I ordered my boat's crew to haul up the gig, and served out a biscuit and a half, with a little rum and water to each man, Trimble and myself taking part with them in their frugal repast.

We were not troubled by the merchant seamen, as whatever medicine or stimulant the doctor had given them had put them into a sound sleep long before our dinner hour, from which they did not awake till late in the evening.

But when they did, they were in the most ravenous state, loudly demanding food.

What was I to do? Give them our remaining biscuit? There was only a small quantity, and what would it be amongst thirty men—the number of the bark's crew? Only a morsel to each.

As they had eaten a hearty meal so recently, I thought they might go without anything more till we got the promised supply from the frigate; so I told them, through their captain, who spoke French, that I had nothing to give them.

They would not believe my statement. Food we had—they knew it—and we must share it with them. They were hungry; I had only seven men; I must supply them. Food they would have.

I again told them, more firmly, that I had nothing for them. They reiterated their disbelief, and said they would search my boat.

I now directed the boat's crew, in a low tone, to be on the alert, and that they must, at all risks, prevent their provisions from being taken from them. I added that we might be in the fog for perhaps another twenty-four hours, and so separated from the frigate.

Whether the Danish sailors understood me or not, I cannot say; I have thought since that they did; but, at any rate, it was evident that they believed there was a good stock of provisions in the boat; indeed, their captain himself hinted that he knew as much.

To pacify them, I promised if they would wait until morning they should see what we had got, and that then we would share it with them.

I said this, being satisfied that their would be no need to keep our few biscuits from them in the morning, as in all likelihood we should be alongside the frigate.

But it was all to no purpose. Have the provisions they declared they would, and at once.

So I had to say, determinedly, no!

There were thirty of them to eight of us, but we were in good health, while they appeared feeble and scurvy-stricken.

Still the spirit which the doctor had distributed to them had imbued them with a certain amount of artificial strength, along with a good deal of "Dutch courage." I saw there was a likelihood of trouble, and it would be necessary to act promptly and energetically, even though violence might be called for.

At this crisis a thought struck me. Watching for the most prominent of the agitators, my eye fell on one who, to this day, I believe to have been an Englishman. Stepping quickly up to him, I seized him by the collar, and the next moment he was a prisoner in charge of my boat's crew.

I then told the others that I would instantly hang their shipmate to the yard-arm if they made any movement towards searching our boat.

Of course this was only a threat; and I scarce know how it might result. Fortunately it had an effect that in the end perhaps proved the salvation both of myself and boat's crew.

The Danes showed dissatisfaction at their comrade being arrested—almost threatening a rescue; but, after clamoring a while, they went forward, and below, into the fore-peak of the bark. But I knew it was only to deliberate, and, perhaps, return more determined than ever. Hunger was urging them to desperation.

And the dread of what might ensue now urged me also to adopt a desperate course. An idea had suggested itself on seeing them go below; and, hastily, but silently, hurrying forward, with Davis by my side, we clapped on the fore-castle hatch and at once secured it with the combing-bar. We had them now safe as in a trap.

We could hear their threats and loud clamor, but heeded neither one nor the other.

I now divided my men into two watches, Trimble taking command of one, myself the other; Davis being placed in charge of the provisions, as I knew him to be a trustworthy man.

Morning broke, with the fog still enveloping us, and I began to feel our position really perilous, particularly as Trimble reported that he had not heard a single gun from the frigate during the whole of his watch. The last one that had been heard was about half-past eight the evening before. Still, judging from appearances, I had hope that the breeze would freshen, and clear the fog by noon.

Nor was I disappointed. About half-past eleven A. M. it lifted, and we could see the horizon all round us.

The horizon—but nothing more! No *Melpomene*!

Here we were on the wide ocean, in the same situation as the "Stricken Crew" we had come to rescue from distress and starvation.

And, if anything, we were in a worse position; for we knew not what these desperate men might be tempted to do.

Perhaps fire the ship!

A moment's reflection brought up before me the real peril of the situation.

It was truly appalling.

We had still left a few biscuits—about fifty in all.

The food we had given the unfortunate Danes had only increased their sufferings, and their cries coming up through the closed hatch were heart-rending. But what could we do for them? To have released them would have been to seal our own destruction. Under the delusion that we were well provisioned, and half insane with their sufferings, they might have set upon, torn us, and perhaps done worse. Their captain and two or three others were still on deck, a guard of the *Melpomene's* keeping watch upon their movements.

All day long we kept a lookout for the frigate, but she was nowhere to be seen; and as the sun went down our hearts sank along with it. We ourselves began to realize the pain of hunger in all its dread reality.

Another night passed; again the autumnal sun rose in its glorious splendor, ushering in to many a day of pleasure, but to us one of hunger and desolation.

The unfortunate crew of the bark had for some hours been silent, tired out; the poor wretches had, we supposed, fallen asleep.

My heart smote me as I thought of their starving condition.

But the safety of myself, and those intrusted to my care, should be thought of before anything else; besides, we had nothing to satisfy their hunger, and were helpless to assist them.

At this crisis the lookout man, who had been placed at the royal masthead, sang out in a clear voice, that rang cheerily in our ears, the startling words:

"Sail, ho!"

Every one seemed silence-stricken at the cry, and I, seizing my telescope, rushed to the mast-head.

For a moment my eye was dazzled by the bright noon-day sun, but, as I became accustomed to the glare, I could make out a ship's royals on our lee-beam. My experience told me she was a man-of-war.

Hailing the deck, I directed Davis to trim sails, set studding sail, and keep the vessel three points

free, at the same time sending the look-out on deck to assist in working the ship, and taking his place myself.

In about an hour I could distinguish our "chase," to the first reefs of her topsails, and now, I was certain from the rake of her masts, and my knowledge of the movements of our fleet, that she was a frigate.

Just as I made this discovery, a cry ascended from below, and looking down, I saw my men endeavoring to prevent the bark's crew from coming on deck, through the cabin hatch *abaft*!

Not waiting to ask myself how they had thus reached the after-part of the ship, I seized the main-royal back-stay, and in an instant was upon deck.

The struggle for a time was desperate, but the poor, starved remnants of humanity could not withstand the strength of the *Melpomene*—which, if anything, was increased by their late abstinence—and, in a few minutes, we had the Danes secured, hand and foot, and once more stowed away.

I now sent Davis to the masthead, with orders to keep a sharp lookout on the strange ship. From this time, all was anxiety as to whether we had been observed by the frigate. How I longed for a gun, or some other means of communicating with her! Suddenly, a hail came from Davis, aloft:

"By the Lord, sur! there goes a gun!"

As he spoke, a dull booming came across the ocean wave, and we knew we were sighted.

Then another gun, and another, till by sound signal the frigate had spelt her name. She made out "*Melpomene*."

The scene that followed is beyond description. We, the officers, forgot our position, and so did the men. We only knew we were human beings, with brotherly feelings, and that salvation from a fearful death was near at hand. We laughed, we sang, and Trimble would have at once released our prisoners, thinking, as they were now assured of safety, there was no need for keeping them any longer in confinement. But I believed it better—as they would have only a little while longer to suffer—that they should remain where we had made them fast, until the frigate's boat boarded us; and this plan was adopted.

How different were our feelings under the setting sun to those we experienced at its rising!

Our joy at finding ourselves once more on the deck of the *Melpomene* may be imagined, but not described.

The captain of the *Copenhagen* was our guest, and a little doctoring soon gave him strength enough to enable him to communicate the particulars of how he and his crew had got into their distressed situation. The bark had taken departure from Falmouth for Boston with a full cargo, and was in her eighty-seventh day out when we boarded her. She had been detained by rough weather, with a succession of adverse gales, until her provisions had given out and the men got stricken with scurvy. In all probability, had the *Melpomene* not sighted the bark, all on board of her would have perished.

On asking the Danish skipper, how his men had come up *abaft* from the fore-peak, he explained it by saying that the cargo consisting partially of drygoods, a kind of "wing-passage," had been made for the supercargo, and through that they had found their way.

After having provisioned the *Copenhagen*, we sent her on her way rejoicing; and a few months afterwards Trimble and myself received a handsome pair of epaulets, and the men five sovereigns, each, from the owners of the bark.

## CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

IT was not in the Downs that the fleet lay moored, upon Tuesday night, the 6th of August, but at Glen Cove, Long Island, and although many sweet Williams came on board, the black-eyed Susans were amongst the girls we incontinently left behind us. The fleet of the New York Yacht Club was at its moorings, awaiting but the boom of the commodore's gun to start, each saucy craft seemingly as anxious to get away as though perfectly *au courant* with the situation, and many were the fierce and indignant snaps on warps and cables as a fresh breeze seductively whispered, "Come fly with me and be my love." We, the artist and writer, found ourselves on board the schooner *Restless*, 106 tons, sailing beneath the august pennant of the commodore himself—S. Nicholson Kane—and bound for Shelter Island, New London, Newport, New Bedford and Oak Bluffs. The refrain of "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" kept ringing in our ears as we scaled the companion ladder, while a strange desire, to use nautical language, of the "shiver my timbers" order, and the solemn utterances of the oracular Bunaby, octopus-like, seized upon us, holding us as the ancient mariner held the wedding-guest. We found the *Restless* as neat as a young bride's new home—the decks holy-stoned till they assumed a waxen lustre; the spars shining as sticks of candy; the sails white as a bishop's immaculate lawn sleeves; the brasses blazing, the ropes coiled like boa-constrictors ready for a spring. The commodore, arrayed in blue flannel, brass buttons and gold wrist-bars, denoting his rank, and a cap not unlike a Brooklyn policeman's, which had come to grief during an encounter with a horny-fisted burglar, flattered, received us with gracious courtesy, as did also Mr. Philip Schuyler, the sailing-captain of the fleet. On board were Judge Munson, Mr. Thomas Newbold, and—yea of a verity—the remaining guests were an owl and a game-cock. We rubbed our eyes as we gazed at that owl, and that owl returned our stare with compound interest. Minerva's bird on board! Surely this was no ivied turret, no moated grange; and the game-cock, whose spurs would have caused the sympathetic heart of Mr. Bergh such grave concern, what the deuce did he in this galley! The riddle soon solved itself, as it is the custom of the New York Yacht Club to present an owl to the winner of the cutter race, a chanticleer to the winner of the gig-race, and these "rare birds" have right of passage on the deck of the commodore's yacht.

The club "takes the water" annually for a cruise. This cruise lasts from ten to fourteen days, according



to circumstances. It is an Autumn manoeuvre, a nautical drill, in which the best boat and the best skipper comes to the front. The roseate labors are seasoned with a spice of pleasure as the craft steers o' nights for coquettish inlets and land-locked harbors, where palatial hotels burn red fire to lure the crews ashore, and beauty in the form of gushing girlhood receives them with radiant and ozone-laden smiles. The club numbers eighty-two yachts, but as many are cruising in foreign waters, and many are out of commission, we started from Glen Cove "sweet seventeen," picking up Mr. Lester Wallack's *Columbia* on the high seas, but happily not derelict. Five and a-half o'clock! Boom! went the first gun, and the clanking of chains, the rattling of blocks, the clinking of windlasses, the hoarse cries of command, and the musical "Yee ho's" of the sailors made "merrie minstrelsy" as snowy sails were set and anchors hove short, while a throbbing animation filled the picturesque little harbor. The scene in that early morning light was singularly fetching. The yachts, held like hounds in the leash, or white carrier-pigeons in the noose; the blue-white sky flecked here and there with Aurora's own rouge; the greenery on the coast, every leaf pricked out; the shore boats fitting hither and thither, groups of gayly dressed ladies "up betimes" to wave a God-speed to their truant sailor lads, tended to form an ensemble charming, irresistible.

Six A. M. Boom! went the second gun, and then, as if by magic, jibs were run up, anchors weighed and catted, and, bending beneath a press of canvas, the eager yachts were in an instant plunging through the seething waters till each wavelet foamed like wine. With us—the *Restless*—were the schooners *Clytie*, *Rambler*, *Estelle*, *Clio*, *Dreadnought*, *Madeline*, *Intrepid*, *Nereid* and *Foam*, and the sloops *Vision*, *Volante*, *Vixen*, *Muriel*, *Active*, *Recreation* and *Regina*. We bowled onwards to the music of a breeze such as brings ecstasy to the heart of a yachtsman. It was no capful of wind—no niggardly, snappish, disagreeable, uncertain breeze—no touch and go, varying, flitting breeze. No, it was full, fresh, joyous, amorous, coming unto us with a will, and sending us along before it with a gladsome glee. It closed with us, kissed us, mixed with us, clung to us, strived with us, and held us fast.

Long Island Sound, through which we plowed our way, appeared at its very best, with its undulating shores, its wooded heights, its sleepy-looking towns, and its sparkling waters dotted with craft, from the cat-boat to the palatial steamer. Now narrowing, now widening, till its beaches were twenty miles apart; now giving us peeps into inlets, now glimpses of low-lying sand-hills and of magnificent Summer residences perched on bluffs, or almost hidden away in hooded hollows. Now we were in a glorious river, now in a miniature ocean, land lying like a streak of gray white on our lee. The guests on board a yacht are at best but the drones in the hive. It is the very perfection of loafing. We lay in deck chairs and smoked, and talked marine, and from marine to the latest sensation amongst land-lubbers. We endeavored to read, the commodore's library affording pabulum from the "Sentimental Journey" to "Ja He Popinjay"; but even reading was too much for us, and we preferred gazing vacantly at sea or sky, listening to the exclamations of Captain Schuyler as he noted the change of manoeuvre in the sailing of the fleet, to guesses upon the probable run, and criticisms on the handling of the dainty craft under his especial command. The judge came periodically upon deck, followed by the steward laden with a silver salver and tumblers, temptingly filled with a decoction, of which a pet tiling in rum formed the pediment, and curiosities in other liquors the main building. Sardines on toast, too, beguiled a solid half hour, washed down by champagne-punch ladled out of an enormous silver basin, such as the infant Hercules might have been solemnly christened in. The artist sketched, the writer day-dreamed, the commodore, with his sailing captain, watched the movements of the fleet, ever and anon consulting his signal-book, ordering small, smart-looking flags to be run up the signal halyards. The man at the wheel kept casting curious glances at the balloon topsails, and peered continuously in the direction from whence the breeze came, as though endeavoring to ascertain exactly what it meant. The cook, arrayed in the snowy paraphernalia of his important office, occasionally ventured on deck to cast a sort of contemptuous glance around him ere returning to his trusty and well-beloved stewpans. Onwards we dashed, ever onwards, until we plunged through the seething waters of Plum Gut, a sort of Hell Gate as regards fierce and turbulent currents, having gallantly and triumphantly achieved our one hundred and eight miles in less than eleven hours. It is not within the province of this article to go in for the technique as regards the racing that took place between schooners and yawls as we sailed from Glen Cove to Shelter Island. Every stitch of canvas was spread. Balloon jibs and balloon topsails, with belying wings and spinnakers, and mooncrapers and star-gazers, and heaven and the commodore knows what not in addition, graced every spar until the fleet resembled a moving wall of canvas, with a slight streak of sky, and a gentle suspicion of sea here and there. Hay Beach was gained at five o'clock, and as the *Restless* took up her moorings in the snug cove of Shelter Island every yacht thundered forth a salute that caused the air to rock again. Never did the club enjoy a fresher sail; never did the squadron keep so close together. A biscuit could have been shied from yacht to yacht, or, as an enthusiastic landsman who witnessed the incoming declared, "you could have covered the whole lot with a blanket."

Greenport made much of us by a goodly show of bunting, while the Atlantic Yacht Squadron, at anchor in the harbor, saluted us with becoming thunder, grandeur and decorum. As the shadows of night fell, and the moon bathed the inlet in liquid pearl, the Mahanaset Hotel burnt red fire, became reckless in Roman candles and rickety in rockets. Sweet voluptuous strains of dreamy waltzes reached the yachting men, who, speedily disposing of *petit diners* that would have reflected credit upon the Maison Dorée, plunged into blue coats of many brass buttons, and, jumping into gigs, went ashore, looking sun-kissed, handsome, aristocratic, and for the brief moment proceeded to outdo everything in the shape of mankind, hailing princelike as they did from their floating palaces. Ah, these men who go down to the sea in ships, make a gallant show, and gentle hearts throb fiercely as the amateur sons of Neptune claim their fair owners even for the "folly of a dance." There is a something in a uniform that "fetches," and that of the New York Yacht Club is especially sailor-like and becoming. On Thursday morning the waters of the inlet reflected the bright and varied hues of our bunting, the sunny sails and hulls of the Atlantic Squadron, the quaint outlines of the village of Greenport, and the greenery of the surrounding shores. A fresh breeze saw the Atlantics start for a race round Shelter Island, and at one o'clock P. M. the gun from the *Restless* sent jibs flying upwards and the New York fleet under weigh for New London. The commodore, sailing in the midst of his

squadron, interchanged signals, compliments and "chaff" with the skippers as we forged through Plum Gut—then the wind suddenly and capriciously deserted us, leaving us just an infant breeze as a sort of souvenir. Didn't the fleet nurse this tender breezelet! Didn't they spread every inch of canvas to entice and amuse it! Didn't they whistle and wheedle and endeavor to coax it!—all in vain however; the babe languished and pouted and pined, gaining no strength with time.

The commodore, with his marine-glass and signal-box, kept busily interchanging mysterious signs with his vice, and generally looking after the white-winged craft under his charge. His guests lay lazaroni-like in the sun, lazily watching the movements of the ship's crew as, gathered for'ard, they conversed in knots, spliced ropes, or, like thrifty housewives, removed, with the care of analytical chemists, the suspicion of a stain from the deck. There was no incident to break the glory of such monotony, and, save when the steward announced refreshments, and the judge rum-cocktails, the *dolce far niente* held its own. To lie beneath an awning; to hear the drowsy plash of the water sounding like a lullaby; to think of nothing, and to have nothing to think about; to let the steeds of the brain browse at will; to lift the eyes from the fresh sparkling green of the sea to the lovely unfecked blue of the sky; to feel that you are gliding on waves and yet in no way to be sensible of it—these are sensations worth the living for, and even if they do not last, he who would not swallow the opiate, is too much of the earth earthy.

The motto of the club, "*Nos agimus tumidis velis*," "We sail under wet canvas," on this occasion proved singularly inappropriate as we glided on the glassy surface of an oily sea; but presently a breeze sprang, Aphrodite-like, from out the ocean, and after a charming passage we anchored opposite Pequot House, in smooth and hospitable waters, New London glinting white in the distance. A ball at the hotel brought the gold lace and brass buttons to the front, and again did they triumphantly whirl away the red and white roses of New England. Friday was devoted to flirtation, and Friday night to fireworks. The yachts vied one with the other in pyrotechnic displays, the *Intrepid* covering herself with glory and Chinese lanterns, while the "land-lubbers" came out strong in colored fire, imparting to the Pequot House and its surroundings a weird-like and ghastly aspect difficult to describe. It seemed just the sort of a hotel to which *Mephistopheles* might take *Faust* at the apothecosis of *Marguerite*. The reception on board the flagship was a club meeting in every sense of the word. The night was delightfully cool after the thunderstorm, and boat after boat decanted its occupants, attired in full club costume, upon the hospitable deck of the *Restless*. Yachting men swing themselves into holes and corners where a landsman would scarcely venture to trust his hat or umbrella, and the state saloon, albeit a roomy apartment enough, seemed to be possessed of the proportions of a wizard's portfolio, while the decks were littered (we use the word advisedly) with yachtsmen in every conceivable position into which it is possible to pose the human form. At nine o'clock on Saturday morning the commodore started his fleet—that is, he would have started it, but the utter absence of breeze almost proved a barrier to slipping cables. For this sail we shifted our quarters to the splendid schooner *Intrepid*, the property of Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, two hundred and seventy tons, on board of which, as his guests, were Messrs. Charles L. Perkins, Augustus Crocker, William B. Parker, Dr. D. L. Haight and the artist and writer, and Drip, a bull-terrier bitch, whose interest in the working of the ship fully equaled that of her masters. The length of the *Intrepid* is 116 feet by 24½ beam, while her specialty lies in her powers of beating to windward in a strong breeze. She is the newest thing afloat, and certainly the most complete. Her state saloon, which is situated midships, is fitted up in Eastlake, with an English fireplace, a symphony in blue tiles and glittering steel, the mantelpiece being surmounted by a Venetian mirror, and ornamented with a clock and *bric-a-brac* of the most exquisite *reposeuse*. The divans are worthy to be caressed by the forms of hours, and the library one in which Dominie Sampson might fairly cry "Pro-deigious!" The staterooms are in Eastlake, and provided with running water (fresh) and a bath (salt), decks, chests of drawers, dining-tables and electric bells. The skipper's stateroom and dressing-room are veritable triumphs of high art on the high seas. It is no breach of the laws appertaining to the mahogany, to say that Mr. Lloyd Phoenix's cook is a *chef*, and that his cellar is quite in keeping with the general surroundings. As the day wore on the breeze freshened until it approached the dignity of half a gale. It was a picturesque sight, as we held on like grim death, our scuppers being under water, to behold the fleet staggering beneath its clouds of canvas, the copper glittering in the sunlight, each vessel leaving a long track of creamy foam astern, as she dashed through the joyous waves. Upon the *Intrepid* every man had his work cut out for him, and in the supreme moment of "going on the other tack" a machine-like promptitude was displayed that spoke volumes for the training of her crew. Onward we bounded past Watch Hill, past Point Judith, that terror of all billions of travelers, until, coming abreast of Brenton Reef, we spun into the entrance to Newport, past Castle Hill, from whence we espied Professor Agassiz spying us; past the inlet through which gallant Major Barton crept to steal the English General Prescott; past Fort Adams, dashing up to our anchorage in a superbly saucy way, never lowering an inch of canvas until ready to take up our moorings. Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, who, *par parenthese*, is a graduate of Annapolis, handled his beautiful boat in a manner that won enthusiastic expressions of approval from all on board.

Saturday night the Ocean House invited outsiders to a hop, while the cottages claimed the *crème de la crème* of the fleet. Trinity church, on Sunday, found many of the gallant sons of Neptune at their devotions, and Monday morning, at nine o'clock A. M., the commodore gave the fleet rendezvous off Brenton's Reef Lightship, when after an hour's bobbing on a groundswell, like a fisherman's float, the fleet, drifting with the tide, started for New Bedford. It were needless to narrate the incidents of the sail to New Bedford, for, save and except to racing men, the passage was identical with the others, as was the run from New Bedford to Oak Bluffs. Suffice it to say, that the reception at the picturesque old whaling town was more than the commodore and his merrie men could have hoped for, roses, not metaphorically, being literally strewn in the path, beautiful bouquets thoughtfully presented to the yachtsmen on their arrival. The club-house entertainment was voted a supreme success, as indeed was the entire cruise, including the races at New Bedford and at Newport. The yachts of the New York Yacht Club are now wandering at the sweet wild will of their respective owners; but whithersoever they may roam, the recollections of the cruise of 1878 shall be affectionately enshrined in memory as being consequently a genuine success, the direct outcome of good seamanship combined with the best of good-fellowship.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### The Feast of Venus at Lanarka.

The recent session of the Island of Cyprus to England has directed the attention of the public to a country which had hitherto been of little importance to any other than the archaeologist. The scene depicted in our illustration is one which can yearly be witnessed at the celebration of the Feast of Venus. As every one knows, Venus Anadyomen was the goddess of the waters, and it is with water the Cyprians celebrate her feast. There the dry season commences with the Summer solstice, and the inhabitants of the island never fail to bid a ceremonious farewell to Spring. Before entering their Venus they treat her to a plentiful downpour of water, and in this drenching every one is forced to take a part. Let the unlucky traveler enter a house and his salutation is a bucket of water poured over his head. If the visitor is a favorite, the water may come from a vase and may be scented, but he must endure the douche nevertheless. In the evening gay sailing parties may be seen sailing over the water, singing songs to the goddess of the waves, and throwing flowers from their gayly-decked barks. In Paphos, the birthplace of Venus, the ceremonials are celebrated in a fashion almost identical with that described by ancient writers.

### Investiture of Lord Beaconsfield with the Order of the Garter.

On Monday, July 22d, the Earl of Beaconsfield received at the hands of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, at Osborne House, the crowning reward for his distinguished public services. Our engraving represents the Queen in the act of knightmaking the Earl previous to investing him with the Ribbon and George and presenting him with the Garter, which was held on a cushion by Sir Albert Wood, Garter King-at-Arms. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and was attended by Lady Waterpark, General Ponsonby and Colonel the Hon. H. Byng (Querry in Waiting), as well as by Sir John Cowell, Master of the Household, who introduced Lord Beaconsfield to the Queen's presence. Mr. Montague Corry, his Lordship's private secretary, was in attendance on the Prime Minister. On Tuesday, July 30th, the Marquis of Salisbury was invested by Her Majesty in a similar manner with the Garter lately worn by Earl Russell. As usual in these cases, an Order in Council has been published in the official *Gazette*, declaring that the Order of the Garter is conferred upon Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury as fully and completely as if all the prescribed formalities and ceremonies had been performed. One of Lord Beaconsfield's admirers, Sir Richard Wallace, presented the new Knight of the Garter with the star and badge of the Order in diamonds of extraordinary beauty and value. The gift in itself is a very munificent one, but it is especially enhanced by the circumstance that they are the identical ornaments worn by the late Marquis of Hertford, the father of the donor, and an old friend of Benjamin Disraeli.

### The New Palace of Justice in Brussels.

The Palace of Justice in Brussels is one of the most gigantic architectural undertakings in Europe, not even excepting the cathedral of Cologne. It would seem that Belgium not only desires to construct a building in which to lodge her magistracy, but also to erect a monument to Justice. The new palace is built on the summit of the hill on which the Belgian capital stands, and overlooks the whole city. Four grand statues of Liberty surmount the dome. It stands a short distance from the park, at the end of the Rue de la Regence, and almost opposite the Chamber of Deputies. It covers an area of almost six acres, and the summit of the dome is over three hundred feet in height from the ground. The style chosen by the architect, M. Poelaert, is the Greco-Roman, slightly modernized, and most skillfully adapted to the purposes for which it is designed. The court called the *Pas-Perdus* is 150 feet long and 57 feet broad. It is lighted from the dome above. Marble staircases ascend through the building and lead to spacious corridors 300 feet long, on which open the doors of the different apartments. Our engraving will give a better idea than could any description of the general appearance of this magnificent architectural monument.

### Insurrection of Native Tribes in New Caledonia.

Early in July last two tribes of natives rose against the Government on the island of New Caledonia, and massacred 125 white people, including women and children. They also captured two military stations. It appears that the uprising and massacre by the Bonlowari tribe in New Caledonia had for its origin certain offenses committed by a few of the Communistic convicts against the women of this tribe. These convicts had been permitted to settle upon portions of land near the territory of the Bonlowari. For a while all went well; the Bonlowari were pleased with their neighbors, and extended to them their usual hospitality. An affair between one of the Frenchmen and the wife of the chief of the Bonlowari led to a hostile feeling, and this was fanned into a flame soon after by the ill-treatment of some native women who had visited the French settlement. The Governor of the Colony soon made himself master of the situation, without waiting for reinforcements promised by the French Minister of the Marine.

### A Pioneer Railway.

Mr. J. L. Hadden, ex-engineer-in-chief of the Ottoman Government, is the inventor of this railway, which was primarily designed to meet the need in the East of having a speedily constructed, cheap and effective means of transport for men and stores over a wild country without the necessity of surveying, leveling and passing through the preliminary stages of ordinary railway-making. The new railway is a "one-rail" structure, and the line it represented requires neither sleepers nor foundations, the line running upon seven-foot posts, 440 to a mile, the rolling stock upon it being shaped like an inverted V, designed upon the "camel-saddle" principle. The carriages and engines fall on each side like panniers on an animal's back, the wheels of the engines, trucks and carriages being horizontal, and gripping on each side of the rail. The material of the new railway is wholly of timber. The posts of the timber fence which constitute the road are firmly sunk into the ground. Its height rarely exceeds three feet, since it follows, as nearly as may be, the natural undulations of the country traversed, small hollows being graded out by varying the heights of the posts. The wagons—or, in fact, the whole train—form a continuous iron skeleton, on which the freight is carried in standard sized boxes, so as to be movable without breaking bulk. The seats are turned down when troops and baggage are transported together, but turned up out of the way when freight alone is carried. The empty freight boxes are arranged to do duty as ambulance pannikins or pontoons. The engine, which only weighs four tons, and is of a hundred-horse power, does not require weight to give it tractive capacity, and can consequently, by means of its eight horizontal grip wheels, actively climb a hill-side (grade one in ten) with a load of 100 tons behind it. As Commander Cameron, the African traveler, recommends this pioneer railway for the further development of that continent, one of our sketches represent the "Cameron Pontoon Out." It is designed after the model of the wheelbarrow, and

whether its equilibrium be maintained by men or animals, it runs only on one wheel. In soft places the single wooden tram may be laid as shown, but on a hard surface this is not necessary.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—LETTERS from Zanzibar report increased activity in the slave trade.

—THE Shah has engaged several superior Austrian officers for the Persian army.

—THE artists of San Francisco talk of erecting a studio building and art gallery under one roof.

—SEVENTEEN sculptors and eighteen painters from the United States are now residing in Rome.

—A PARIS court has decided that the marriages of priests during the Revolution of 1848 were illegal.

—THE distribution of awards to the successful exhibitors at the International Exposition will take place September 18th.

—BY error of a single word in an act of the Legislature, the City of San Francisco loses \$25,000 a year in bank licenses.

—THE recent elections in Alsace and Lorraine show an increase of the Moderate party, and a decline of the Irreconcilables.

—SEVENTY-SIX acres of vineyards, at Malaga, Spain, have been attacked by the phylloxera, the ravages of which are increasing alarmingly.

—THE Honolulu Assembly has passed a Bill appropriating \$30,000 as a subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for carrying the mails.

—THERE is a pigeon roost in Potter County, Pa., which is from two to three miles long and from half to three-quarters of a mile wide. Every tree is full of nests.

—PARIS is already busy preparing a grand *fete*, which will be held in September, on the occasion of the visits of the sovereigns of Austria, Belgium, Holland and Italy.

—THE erection of the Galliera Museum in Paris is to be commenced forthwith. It will be constructed on a vast piece of ground situated between the Avenue Trudaine and the Rue de Morny and de Freycinet.

—AT least 20,000 people availed themselves of the excursion tendered by President Bishop, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, in aid of the Wallingford sufferers, and visited the ruins August 14th.

—THE English Post Office Department wanted a few women clerks, and advertised for them, applicants to call between 10 A. M. and noon. Three thousand women put in an appearance, and the streets were blockaded for two hours.

—FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS is the sum which it is proposed to expend in decorating the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and the dome is so dark that a series of reflectors will be required to show off the pictures and gilding.

—THE coin examiner of the Treasury at Washington can detect a counterfeit coin in a heap of money while blindfolded. He runs his fingers through the mass, and in a few moments each coin is tested. This remarkable power of touch has been perfected only by the practice of many years.

—A BERLIN dispatch says the principal question to be considered at the conference of the German Finance Ministers at Heidelberg is the expediency of establishing a tobacco monopoly. Proposals have been submitted for laying a tax on petroleum, and an increase of duties on coffee, sugar and tea.

—THE Parliament at Victoria, British Columbia, has passed the Chinese Tax Bill. Discussion on the measure was very acrimonious. Both sides admit the necessity of a tax, but differ as to the mode of collecting it and the amount. The Government proposed \$60 per annum, but, being strongly opposed, have reduced the rate to \$40.

—HITHERTO, in Japan, decorations have been conferred upon officers of the army and navy only as a reward for valor, but the members of the Bureau of Decoration are now taking into consideration the advisability of bestowing medals upon the rank and file of the army and men of the navy for meritorious service in the field.

—A SPANISH paper states that from the beginning of the Cuban insurrection up to the month of January last 133,555 Spanish soldiers died in the hospitals from wounds or disease, and 12,500 in the fields of battle; 37,726 were discharged, and about 100,000 insurgents were either killed in battle or shot after being made prisoners.

—THE delegates-elect of the Workingman's Party to the California State Constitutional Convention have drawn up and forwarded to the President and Secretary of State, at Washington, a memorial setting forth the evils of Chinese emigration, and requesting the President and Secretary to take immediate steps to obtain the abrogation of the Burlingame Treaty.

—PROFESSOR LEONH. LEVI, of the University of London, believes that the troubles of the English workmen are caused by their own vices. They earn in the aggregate \$1,500,000,000 in cash annually, of which they ought to save \$75,000,000. As a matter of fact, they save only \$20,000,000. The bulk of the missing \$55,000,000 is wasted, mostly in drink. What is true of England is true, to a great degree, of other countries. If the same indignation could be aroused against drink which is vented against capitalists there would be more hope for better days.

—THE omnibus horses of Paris occupy very pleasant lodgings in French flats. Owing to the increasing price of land, not only are the houses built higher and higher, but even stables are being constructed in stories or flats. The Paris Omnibus Company has found itself under the necessity of doing this. By means of strong iron pillars and beams, two floors of stabling have been erected over the stabling on the ground-floor. The ground is covered with asphalt and earth. Three hundred horses already occupy their new premises. They are placed on a large balcony, which makes the round of the building, and from this they descend by a slanting terrace.

—JAPAN has contributed a new and valuable addition to our list of fruits. It is called in California the persimmon, and a wide popularity is predicted for it there. It is equally as hardy as the wild persimmon of the Southern States, but differs from it as our choicest apples differ from the wild crab-apple. It ripens without frost, and has no astringency when ripe. The fruit attains a large size, some specimens weighing over a pound each. It is of a bright-yellow, orange or reddish color, and in taste somewhat resembles the plum or fig. It is the best and most popular fruit of Japan. The tree itself is very beautiful, with dark glossy foliage, and when set with ripe fruit is a brilliant object. It can be successfully grown in the greater part of this country.

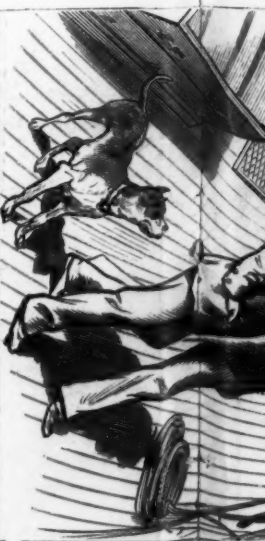




SIGNALING THE YACHTS FROM THE FLAGSHIP.



RECEPTION OF THE CAPTAINS OF THE FLEET BY THE COMODORE ON THE FLAGSHIP "NESTLES."



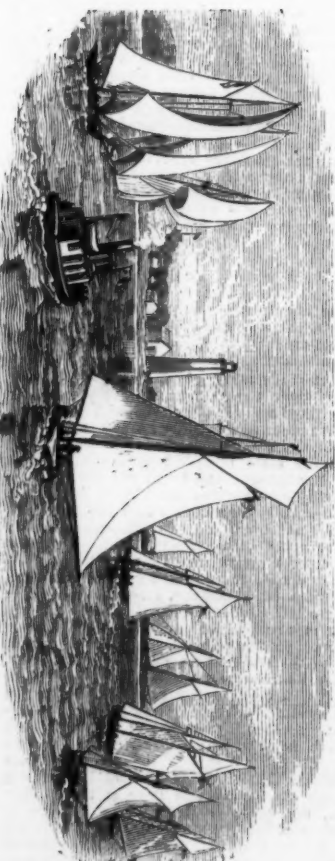
THE "INTERMID" LEADING THE FLEET.



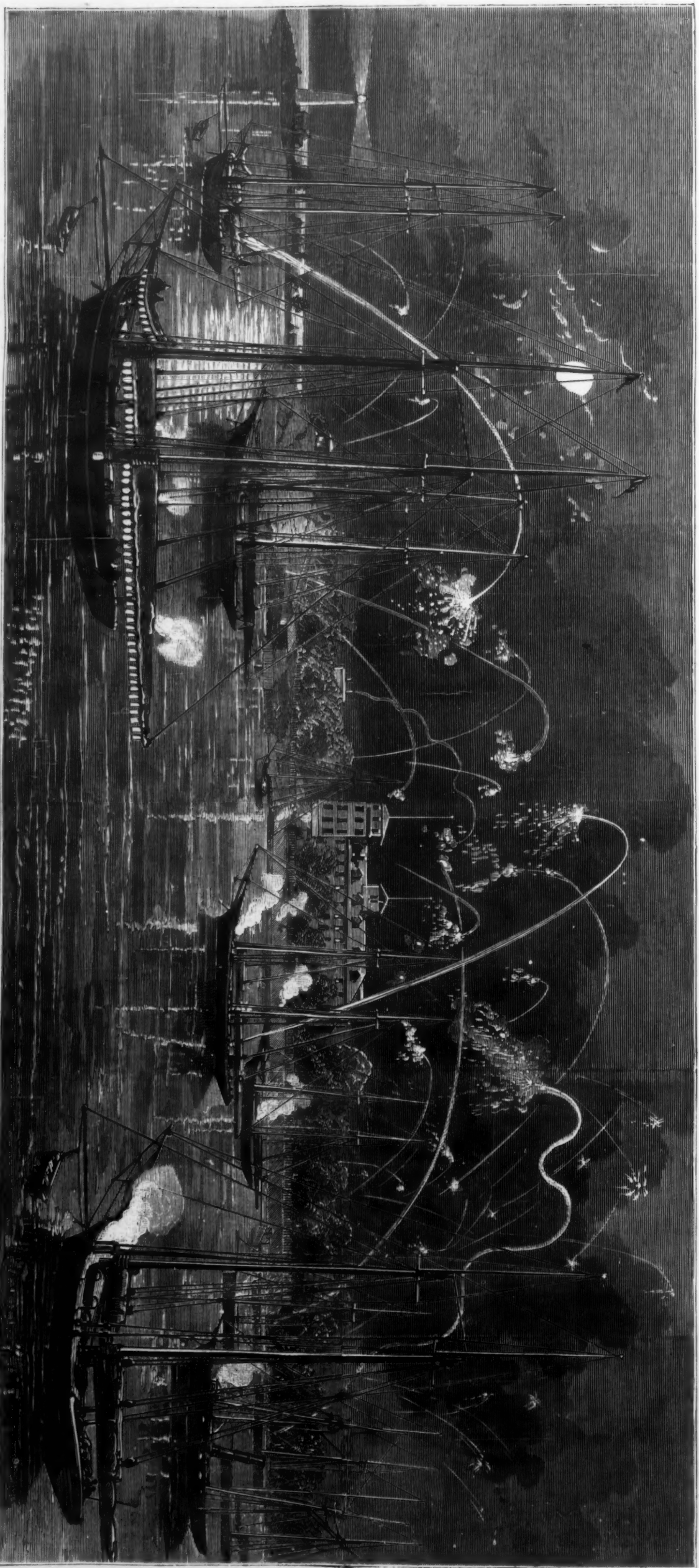
SLOOP-YACHTS "REGINA" AND "ACTIVE" OFF FORT ADAMS.



COMODORE KANE AND FLEET-CAPTAIN SCUTTLE.

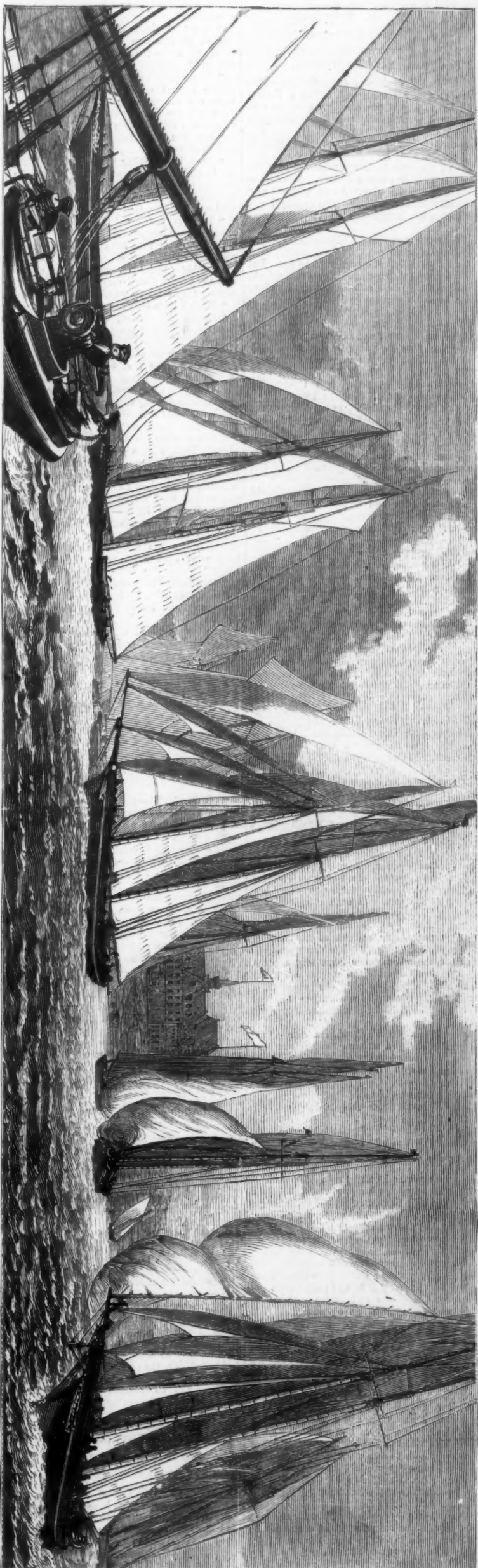


THE FLEET ENTERING THE HARBOR OF NEW LONDON.



ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET AND PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY OFF THE PEQUOT HOUSE, NEW LONDON.  
ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—INCIDENTS OF THE SUMMER SEASON OF THE GREAT PLEASURE SQUADRON.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 434.

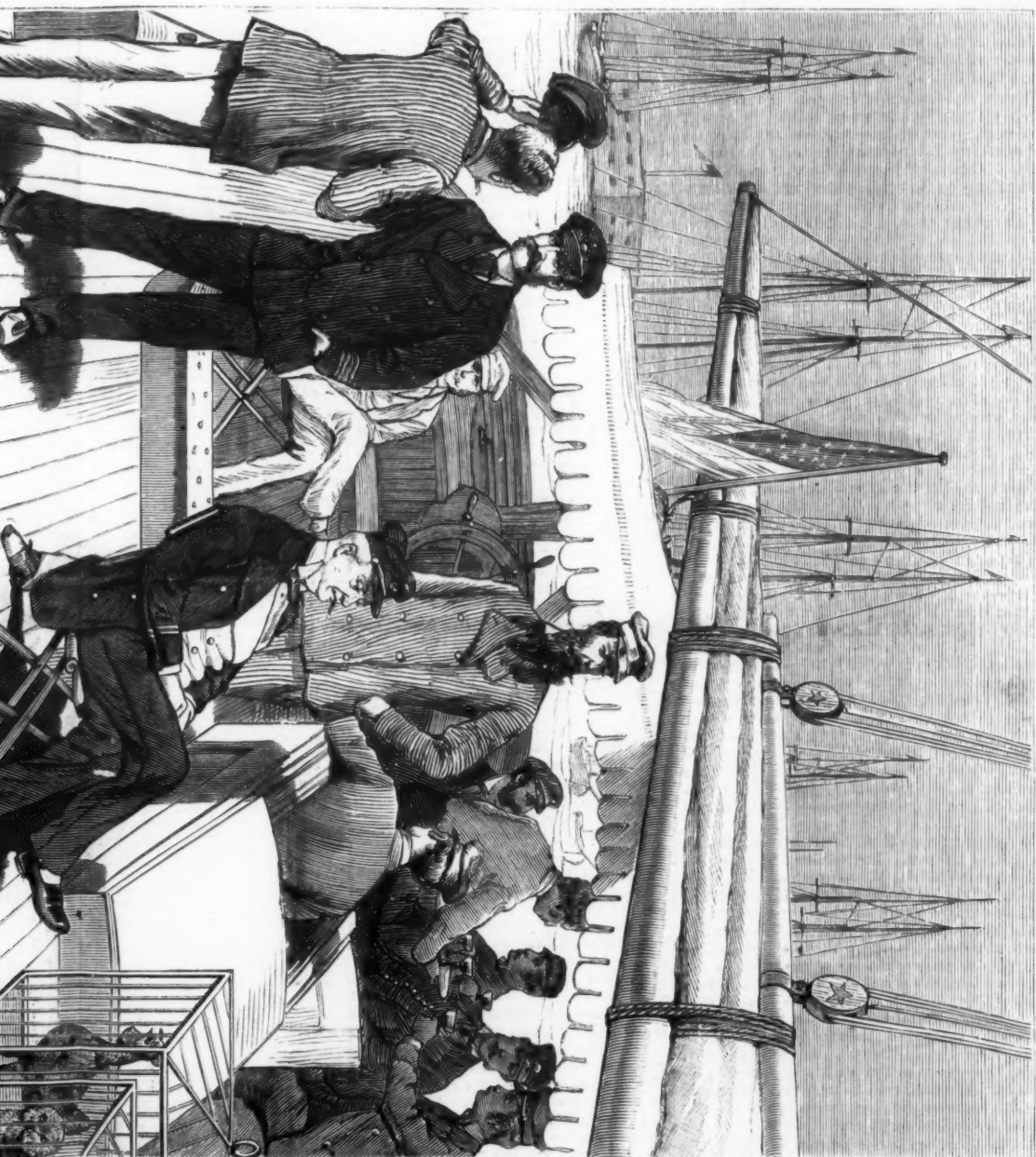




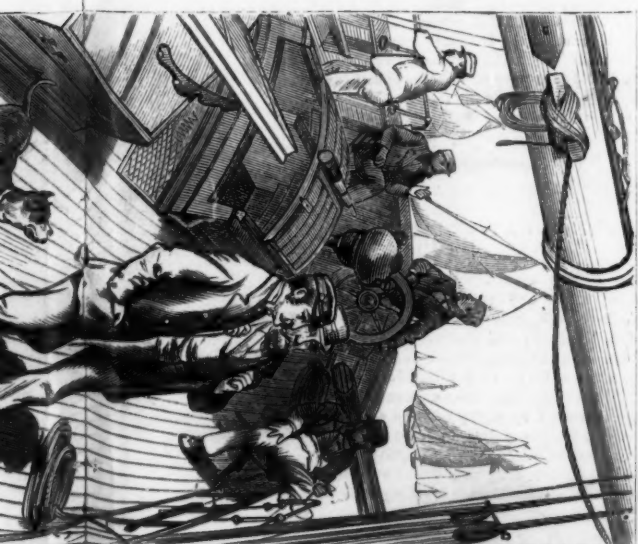
DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET FROM SHELTER ISLAND, LONG ISLAND SOUND, FOR NEW LONDON.



RECREATION ASHORE—SCENE AT THE PARROT HOUSE.



BELOW DECK IN A CALM.





## ROY'S WIFE.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED).

LADY JANE swallowed down the lump that rose in her throat, and, being a skillful debater, moved the previous question with assumed calmness. "Shall you get away from your dinner by eleven?"

"How can I tell? What do you want me to do at eleven?"

"What I want you to do every hour of the day; give me the pleasure of your society. Now, do be a dear old thing for once. Limit yourself to a cigarette after dinner, and at eleven exactly I will call for you in the brougham—there!"

"Après?"

"I'll take you to a *séance*."

"What's a *séance*?"

"I haven't an idea. I never went to one. But I think it must be rather nice. We sit in the dark, you know, and hold each other's hands. I believe you must on no account let go!"

"Why? What would happen?"

"Oh! something very dreadful! Somebody would come up, I fancy, and insist on joining the circle—perhaps take the youngest lady in company down with him. Now, you must promise not to let go."

"It sounds great nonsense, but I have no objections to holding on. Is that all we do?"

"That's only a beginning. If we preserve the circle unbroken, and keep on wishing—(it's not like our own world, you know; there's great virtue in wishing)—we shall get—what did Lady Pandora call it?—a manifestation!"

"That ought to be something startling! Did she explain what it means?"

"Not exactly. But she said the spirits would come into the room and answer questions. I should like to ask a good many."

"Lady Jane, have you ever read Swedenborg?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"I think I remember the name. Wasn't he a quack doctor or something?"

"He was a man of deep thought and powerful imagination. A hundred years ago he founded the religion, or belief, or whatever you like to call it, that idle people are taking up to-day."

"Only think!"

"He saw visions, and dreamed dreams; heard the music of the spheres played in good time and tune, ascended to the seventh heaven in a trance, and—came down again, not much wiser than he went up."

"How clever of you to know! And what became of him? Of course he's dead?"

"Yes; he's dead, like anybody else. One says of him now, that he was 'a very remarkable man.' It commits one to nothing."

"But what do you think?"

"The many consider him a madman, the few a prophet. It does not follow that, because the minority is ridiculously small, it must therefore be in the wrong."

"Mr. Roy, I believe you are a Spiritualist! Now, you must come to-night."

"Lady Jane, I am neither Spiritualist nor Materialist. I cannot judge off-hand, when matters lie so completely beyond the range of ordinary experience and our normal reasoning powers. The man who tells me such and such things are impossible has usually no better argument, when you press him hard, than *because* they are impossible, and, I find, cannot explain much of the ordinary processes of physical nature, far less the mysterious operations of the mind. We have still a great deal to learn about mesmerism, magnetism, miracles, scriptural and historical, our misgivings, presentiments, hopes and fears—above all, our sympathies, aversions and personal influence on each other."

"I know I couldn't sleep with a cat in the room, and I'm afraid of a black-beetle," observed Lady Jane, who found some difficulty in keeping her mind fixed on any one subject for five consecutive minutes.

"Exactly; but why?"

"Because I can't bear them! Surely that's reason enough."

"And do you believe in ghosts?"

"Of course I don't! I wouldn't live in a haunted house, though, for any money you could offer."

"That's very plucky! But again, why?"

"Oh! I've heard such stories. Somebody I met at dinner only the other day—I think it was Lord Fitzowen—told me he slept in the Gallery at Shadelands, one Ascot week, and nothing would tempt him to pass a night there again."

"Really! What did he see?"

"Oh! I don't know that he saw anything; you can't see ghosts, I fancy; but there were all sorts of strange noises; his pillow was pulled from under his head, the chairs and tables were moved about the room, and his water-jug was upset—but he thinks he did that himself. I assure you, his account of it made my blood run cold."

"Shadelands! Is that the house where the man stamped the baby into the fire with his boots?"

"No, no. The horrors you are thinking of happened the other side of the country. I believe, though, they are quite true. Shadelands is the place where an old man in a chintz dressing-gown comes into your room just before daybreak, pokes his face through the curtains at the foot of your bed, and tries to confess something, but nobody has yet made out what."

"You say Fitzowen didn't see him."

"No, he didn't see him, but he felt sure the old man was in the room!"

"Did he see anybody who had seen him?"

"Oh! if you don't believe it, of course it's no use discussing the subject. I can't suppose Lord Fitzowen would assert what wasn't true!"

"I'm not so sure of that. There is such a thing as poking fun even at the lady you take down to dinner. But I am more credulous than you think. I don't see why I should not believe in your old man."

"I am glad you haven't said I tell stories, too. Then you think the ghost in the chintz dressing-gown—"

"Stop! I draw the line at dressing-gowns. Ghosts as many as you please—I can swallow them by scores; but where do they get their clothes?"

"That's not at all a nice joke. Of course, even ghosts have a sense of decency. They couldn't meet one without—without something on. Now I see you are turning the whole subject into ridicule, and I think it very unkind."

"But you don't believe in them yourself; you said so at first."

"That has nothing to do with it. One ought not to make light of such serious topics. It's like turning religion into ridicule. Besides, there must be something strange about this spirit-rapping, if all Lady Pandora tells me is true."

"Then in your creed the ghosts and the spirits are separate articles of belief?"

"Of course; they have nothing whatever to do with each other. Ghosts are—well, I don't exactly know what ghosts are—at least I can't explain. But the spirits give a very clear account of themselves; they seem to conceal nothing."

"Still, I hope they are dressed!"

"Beautifully dressed, and in the most expensive things. Of course you can't see their dresses in the dark."

"Then how do you know?"

"That is what I asked Lady Pandora, because it does seem most interesting to learn what one wears in the other world, and she said that, in a good manifestation, with a powerful medium—Do you know what a medium is?"

"Not the least; do you?"

"Never mind; it would take too long to explain. Well, with a powerful medium and under favorable conditions—for the spirits are very capricious, she tells me, worse than men or women—at least, worse than women—when you have sat and wished hard for an hour or so, there comes a faint gleam of light—very pretty, pale-violet color, and it dances about the room like a will-o'-the-wisp or the corpse-lights in a church-yard. Then, if you are not too frightened, you must keep your eyes fixed on it till you see something."

"Has Lady Pandora seen something?"

"No; but Mrs. Eccleston has. She is almost a medium, and knows the names of nearly half a dozen spirits."

"And what did Mrs. Eccleston see?"

"Well, she told Lady Pandora that the light grew so vivid it dazzled her eyes; but, after a few minutes, she made out a woman's face, pale and rather pretty, only and, floating about, as she described it, in the rise and fall of the flame. Its hair was dark, and round its forehead it had bound a transparent gauze veil, with spangles of gold. The rest of the figure was invisible, all but a thin white hand that held a flower. The medium knew this spirit quite well, and held a long conversation with it."

"Did Lady Pandora tell you what they talked about?"

"Oh, yes! The medium asked her if she was happy, and she answered—through the medium, of course—that she was not, but she hoped to be much happier after a little while, as she was going to be transferred to another sphere. Did she feel uncomfortable where she was placed at present? No; but she didn't like it, and would be glad when removed. Mrs. Eccleston says she always gives the same answer, and is a very unsatisfactory spirit to converse with. She wouldn't tell them any more, but faded gradually away, after dropping the flower gently on the table—that is the most extraordinary part of the whole thing!"

"And what became of the flower? I should like to have had it to keep."

"So would Lady Pandora. But when she asked for it, unfortunately, the medium had taken it away. Now, Mr. Roy, how do you get over such testimony as this? But I won't ask you yet to take my word. Seeing is believing. Come with me to-night, and judge for yourself."

He looked grave and pondered.

"I, too," said he, "should like to ask the spirits a few questions. Yes, Lady Jane, if you are good enough to call for me, I will be ready at eleven to-night."

He took himself off to dress for dinner, and Lady Jane looked at the clock—half-past six. He couldn't be going to dine till eight, and, so far as her experience served her, a man's toilet ought not to take more than five-and-twenty minutes—poor De Banier accomplished his in ten. On these matters of domestic detail, a widow is not to be deceived. Young ladies may be put off with excuses, but the matron knows her rights, and exacts her claim in full. Could he be going to see somebody else? The thought so stung Lady Jane that she started from her chair and laid her hand on the bell. A vague idea crossed her mind of following in a cab to make sure of the worst, but it faded quickly as it rose, and she resolved to bear and forbear patiently, stubbornly if necessary, for the next few weeks, smothering reproaches, and postponing refusals, till a crowning victory should bring him into subjection for life. The cord that secured her captive was sadly worn and frayed; it seemed only to hold by a thread, requiring the lightest finger, the nicest skill, lest it should part and set him free.

There was no question of coercion; she must turn and lead and coax him in the right direction, as a skillful angler guides the gudgeon ashore in spite of weeds and obstructions, wind and weather, light tackle and a heavy fish.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE STALLED OX.

A HOUSE-DINNER at a good club! The very words carry a flavor of clear turtle and dry champagne, still hock, forced strawberries, and the utmost efforts of a cook who knows that his skill will be appreciated by a judicious committee of his own sex, unalloyed with that mixture of ladies which diverts attention from the serious business of mankind about nine P.M. Mr. Roy, having lately had a surfeit of feminine society, thought he should very much enjoy a little party composed exclusively of men, and discharged his

hansom cab at the club steps, with something of a boy's feelings who resolves to make the most of play-time between the hours of school. With the originator of this feast we have nothing to do, save to accord him the tribute of admiration due to one whose primary object in life is to feed his friends plentifully and well. He was, perhaps, the best judge of good living in London; could tell you where the most perfect dinners were to be had in every capital in Europe, discriminating between the dishes to order at a restaurant and those to partake of at an ambassador's; was cunning in wines, experienced in sauces, and might be trusted with a bill of fare in any part of the civilized world.

It is only justice to add that this gentleman was also skilled in the art of sending out his invitations, bringing people together who liked to meet, and was seldom guilty of such a solecism as to ask men to the same table who were not on cordial terms.

However familiar he may be with his banks and surface, I am told that it takes a waterman many long years thoroughly to know the eddies and under-currents of the Thames. It is the same in that great city which is washed, without being cleaned, by the fine old river. You may have the latest gossip, jests, and scandal at your fingers' ends, yet find it impossible to keep pace with the shifting ramifications of London life. Births, deaths, or marriages make bitter enemies to-day of those who were fast friends last week; and in a society like ours, of which the female element forms so important a part, it is impossible to foretell what an hour may bring forth. Mr. Roy, arriving as a waiter announced dinner, did not calculate on finding that one of the party assembled in honor of his new friend Mr. Brail, was his old friend Lord Fitzowen!

In these melodramatic times painted by romance, which I firmly believe never existed in reality, such meetings are described as replete with action and event. "Ha! traitor!" exclaims one gallant, baring his blade. "Have I found thee, oh, mine enemy!" replies the other, throwing away his scabbard. The wicked rapiers glide, and grate, and gleam, and all the rest of it, till, after a fixed number of stamps and passes, down goes *Mercurio*, with a sufficient hole in his side, and off swaggers *Tybolt*, calling for a stoup of wine in such reprehensible language as seems appropriate to a costume of doublet and hose.

We who wear coats and pantaloons can have no such expeditious redress. We bite our thumbs in a lawyer's office rather than in the open street, and must needs extort reparation—not so speedy, but perhaps more secure—in those Inns of Court which were really fields when our fathers sought them to salve wounded honor with hot lead or cold steel. But, in the meantime, if our bitterest enemy has the face to accost us politely in public, we feel compelled to return his greeting, value for value, and ask after his health with assumed interest, while in our secret hearts we wish he was dead, and worse!

The last time they met in a club, Lord Fitzowen addressed Mr. Roy with an open frankness that could not but disarm suspicion. Things had changed since then, in fact, if not in intention; and what ought he to do now? It was a difficult question. "I have no right to cut a man because I am in love with his wife?" thought his lordship, "and yet one can't be cordial with a fellow who has behaved so badly to the sweetest woman in the universe! Hang it! I wish I hadn't come; but, as I am here, I suppose I had better say How d'ye do? without shaking hands!" So he adopted a middle course, which is seldom a good plan, and the two men exchanged a cold, constrained salute, almost tantamount to a declaration of war.

It relieved Mr. Roy, nevertheless, from a dilemma of his own. He, too, had been wondering whether he ought to destroy the whole hilarity of the party by cutting Lord Fitzowen dead, or whether, under protest as it were, and for one night only, he should meet him like any other friend, and leave the world to be enlightened by such ulterior proceedings as would make it impossible for them ever to speak again. His lordship's curt greeting, therefore, gave him his cue; and nobody, perhaps, except Brail, whose perceptions were sharpened by self-interest, observed anything peculiar in the manner of these two men, sitting in apparent amity, with three feet of tablecloth between them, which one, if not both, would fain have exchanged for twelve paces of level ground near a frontier town.

But hostility, however rancorous, is seldom quite proof against the effects of good cheer. Before dinner was half through, and when the champagne had been round thrice, Brail felt satisfied there would be no difficulty in keeping the peace; nay, by the time chartreuse had succeeded a macedoine flavored with maraschino, Fitz became so placable that he began to think "Roy wasn't half a bad fellow, after all; and what a pity the whole lot couldn't live amicably together, while he made love to Mrs. Roy just the same!" Such ethics, however, only belong to that period of complete satisfaction which precedes the arrival of cheese. After helping himself to claret, his lordship grew more practical, and returned to the regions of common sense.

The lieutenant was the only person who felt glad when dinner came to an end. The rest had been happy enough, and even the two enemies seemed far less occupied with each other than with the good fare; but Brail, having an object of his own in view, found himself acting a part rather than speaking out in his proper character—a process most distasteful to the frank-hearted sailor. Conversation, during the repast, naturally turned on his recent expedition, and the explorer was compelled to accept as courteously as he might much startling information on the Arctic regions from landmen who had never reached a higher latitude than Caithness. The sons of the sea—partly, I imagine, from a good-humored contempt—are exceedingly tolerant of shore-going ignorance; and Brail, hopeless of teaching them any better, assented to the most preposterous opinions with a freedom that delighted the company, one and all declaring him "wholly free from professional prejudice, and an exceedingly intelligent man!" There is as much truth as satire in the saying of the French wit who

attributed his social popularity to a polite readiness in allowing people who knew nothing about them to instruct him on subjects with which he was perfectly conversant!

Roy, who had crossed the Atlantic in a Cunard steamer, and had sighted a real iceberg on one occasion, some three leagues to leeward, came out quite as an authority. The whole table listened to him, and Brail, much amused, backed him stoutly in every position he advanced. By the time repast had produced its usual craving for tobacco, there must have arisen a strange confusion in the brains of the guests as to ice, floating and hummocky, lime-juice, scurvy, walrus-balls, white bears, the aurora borealis, and, above all, the Perihelion—a word everybody insisted on pronouncing with a vague understanding that it implied the visible presence of four suns at once.

The bare idea of such a phenomenon produced an adjournment to the smoking-room in somewhat loose formation, during which movement John Roy found himself grappling his new friend by the arm as they crossed the hall.

"It will be very hot up-stairs," said Brail, taking his overcoat from its peg. "What say you to having our 'baccy' outside?"

"Outside it is!" assented the other, who would have agreed to any far more independent proposition. "And I tell you what, my dear fellow, if you'll come with me afterwards, I'll show you something rather curious—very queer indeed, queerer than anything you saw at the North Pole—a regular up-and-down exhibition of spirit-rapping—complete circle—pretty women saying the alphabet—question and answer—mediums, miracles, manifestations—blue lights and blue blazes! Will you come?"

"No collusion?" asked Brail. "No wires, pulleys, nor magic lanterns? Nothing of that kind?"

"Nothing whatever," answered Roy, with more confidence, perhaps, than he felt.

"A lady is going to call for me at eleven—Lady Jane de Banier. Very nice woman. Got a very nice brougham. I'll introduce you. In the meantime let us have a smoke till she comes."

It was a cool, star-lit night, the streets seemed at their emptiest, theatres and music-halls had not yet disgorged their contents, and, but for a policeman looking down an area, the two smokers were alone. Brail saw his opportunity, and resolved to make the best of it.

"Mr. Roy," said he, knocking the ash off his cigar, "you and I are almost strangers; but, if it wasn't taking a liberty, I should like to do you a good turn."

"You're very kind," replied the other, with whom wine brought out all his best qualities; "do it, and I'll say Thank ye. I'm likely to want all the friends I can muster before long."

This was so far encouraging.

"You allude, I suppose, to rather a black job that I hear on all sides you are taking in hand," returned the sailor. "You'll likely say, what business is it of mine? Mr. Roy, when a good fellow has gone overboard, it's everybody's business to heave him a rope."

"To hang himself with?"

"The deuce a bit. To save himself with! Mr. Roy, what should you say if I was to tell you that your compass does not act, that your charts are false, that you have no instruments to take an observation, and that your dead-reckoning is all wrong?"

"I should say, speak plain English, my good fellow, and I shall know what you mean."

"Then, in plain English, you are steering a course which will never bring you up in the port you want to fetch. Mr. Roy, you won't be offended if I tell you what I know, and what you ought to know, too. The lady against whom you are taking proceedings is as innocent as the day."

"Who is to answer for it?"

"I can answer for it. Her aunt can answer for it. All hands can answer for it. We live in the same house; I see her every day, and half a dozen times a day. She works like a black slave, twelve hours at a spell; she receives no visitors; she hasn't been a cable's length from the street-door but once in the last month, and that was for a cruise in the Park with me. Mr. Roy, that lady is an injured, ill-used woman, and as good as gold!"

Such intelligence, delivered in such good faith, wholly dissipated the fumes of wine, and John Roy's brain grew as clear as if he had drunk nothing but tea for a week. He was surprised to feel how delighted he would be to believe the good news, but with his restored powers of judgment he could not but remember the accusations of Mrs. Mopus, and the damning evidence of Nelly's own writing, now in his desk under lock and key.

"If you could prove this," he said, with a cordial grasp of the sailor's hand, "you would be the best friend I ever had! I thank you for your good intentions. The truth must come out, soon or late; and if I am wrong, nobody knows how happy I shall be to acknowledge it. In the meantime this is a sacred subject between you and me. Not a word more now, I beg of you. Here comes Lady Jane!"

(To be continued.)

## FATAL TORNADO AT WALLINGFORD, CONN.

ON the first and second days of August a storm of wind and rain swept over New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Mississippi, assuming in several sections the proportions of a tornado, and causing much damage to buildings and standing crops. On Friday, the 9th, a succession of showers, accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning, visited various points in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, and having gained strength by its passage, the storm broke over Wallingford about six o'clock in the evening with all the fury of a whirlwind.

The tornado made its appearance in a storm coming out of Mount Lamentation, northwest of Wallingford, the wind blowing from the southwest, which blew up apparently another storm, and the two seemed to come together over the lake, causing what appeared to be a waterspout 250 feet high.



The tornado had a rotary motion, and was in every respect like a tropical cyclone in its wild career.

The part of the place which was visited by the tornado is known as "the Plains," and is a sandy district that was quite thickly populated, most of the residents being workmen in the various factories in the place, who, from their earnings, had built small but neat houses, in which they and their families dwelt comfortably.

From the Plains the tornado swept up the hill, striking the new schoolhouse. It was at this point that the greatest damage was done. On the hill the houses destroyed or partly blown away were mostly new ones, and many were ornamental residences, the ground being graded and laid out tastefully. In this region, unlike the experience on the Plains just west of it, where the houses were not blown down but actually swept like chaff before the hurricane, the curious effect was seen of many houses being blown off at the top—the upper stories gone—leaving the lower part. Beams and timbers were hurled hundreds of feet through the air. The large and solid high school building, built of brick, four stories high, and having ornamental brown-stone trimmings—a remarkably substantial and handsome \$45,000 structure, only six or seven years old—was destroyed in its upper stories. These were completely demolished, and the ruins carried hundreds of feet away; even a great elm-tree that stood in front was torn up by the roots and carried some distance.

No idea can be conveyed of the destructive sweep of the storm over the territory visited. It laid everything waste, turning up by the roots large trees and stripping them of limbs and leaves; tearing up large monuments and tombstones in the Catholic burying-ground; scattering the Catholic Church, built of wood, like chaff; throwing houses over, and filling cellars with debris.

When the storm broke the telegraph wires and poles were blown down in an instant, so that it was impossible to communicate directly with New Haven to the south, or Meriden or Hartford to the north. Word was finally sent by the 7 o'clock train to the two cities named, and on the next day express, which leaves Meriden at 7:30 p. m., came physicians and help.

It was early when the storm broke, and in twenty minutes after it began the rain stopped, the wind abated, the sky cleared, and night came on. But a dreadful search had begun for dead and injured persons. The Town Hall bell was rung. A report of disaster spread through the town. The falling of the telegraph wires prevented communication that way to neighboring towns, but physicians in Meriden were soon on their way to attend the wounded. Men, women and children were picked up in the open lots. The Catholic priest directed that the old school-house should be used as a morgue. The bodies were taken there until twenty-one had been collected.

On Main Street the amount of damage was much greater to property than the lower streets. On both sides of this street were rows of lofty elms, some of them three feet in thickness. Few of them were able to withstand the blast. Here and there they were snapped short, notwithstanding the toughness of the wood. Again, the branches were all cut off as if they had been mowed off with a gigantic scythe, and many of them had only succumbed when the earth in which their roots had fastened yielded, and let them fall across the road. The streets swept by the tornado were High Street, Wallace Row and Colony Street. Every house in that quarter except one or two was completely wrecked. The few which escaped utter wreck were hurled from their foundations, and before becoming habitable will have to be rebuilt.

Funeral services over the remains of twenty-three of the victims were held on Sunday afternoon; fully 10,000 persons from all parts of the State were present, and 2,000 carriages were in attendance. Four other victims were buried in the morning. A temporary hospital was established in the Town Hall, where physicians, professional nurses and citizens attended to seventeen seriously injured people.

Prompt measures were taken in New Haven, Hartford, Meriden, and other cities, to assist the sufferers, and on the 14th, under the offer of President Bishop, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, of half-fare tickets, the total receipts to be devoted to the afflicted people, 20,000 persons made an excursion to Wallingford and examined the ruins.

#### A PRINTING HOUSE AFLOAT.

SATURDAY, August 10th, and the great throb in the heart of Park Place was still—the busy hive was empty, the bees were away by sea and shore, gathering the honey of health through the medium of a glittering holiday. By kind permission of Mr. Frank Leslie, his employees resolved upon an outing, to which their wives and their families and their relatives and their friends should be bidden, and with a view to carrying the ozone-laden idea into effect, a committee was formed of which Mr. David B. Gulick was appointed chairman, and as members, Messrs. Horace Baker, Joseph L. Firm, Michael Crane, A. J. Russell, John McCabe, C. Schneider and William McDermott, with Mr. H. L. Bridgman as Treasurer and Mr. George W. Heller as Secretary. The committee unanimously selected Oriental Grove, situated about twenty miles distant on Long Island Sound, as their happy recreation-ground, and, as the sequel proved, the selection could scarcely have been more felicitous. The immense barge *Caledonia* was chartered for the occasion, together with the powerful steamer *General Sedgwick*. The *Caledonia* belongs to the Briggs fleet of excursion boats, which consists of ten barges and steamers. This fleet possesses absolute control over six groves in the most charming localities, within easy distance from New York, and it has already catered for four hundred excursions during the present season. In all, on the Briggs and other fleets, one thousand excursions to the various attractive resorts about New York are made during the season of one hundred days, the number of pleasure-seekers on each trip averaging one thousand, but occasionally reaching five times that amount.

If there was a sad smile on the countenance of Aurora, it was not reflected on any one of the faces of the "brave and gallant and goodly company" that mustered at the different landing-places to board the *Caledonia* and *Sedgwick*. All was radiance and that intense vibrating pleasure which is the outcome of "a day off" for the bread-winner and his surroundings. A slight shower fell upon fair women and brave men, upon tweed and upon coquettish toilets worthy of Worth himself; but no person seemed to care for the weather, and the party, to the number of one thousand, started up the Sound as merry as marriage-bells. The votaries of Terpsichore tripped it lightly upon the *Caledonia* to the delicious strains of a band of ten pieces, under the able leadership of Mr. C. F. Wagner, of Jersey City, while matrons who laughingly declared that their dancing days were over, and portly gentlemen to whom a waltz was a delightful but now forbidden fruit, were entertained by a band of

negro minstrels known as the Sisco Alabama Sereaders, whose rendering of plaintive plantation melodies, and of uproarious breakdowns with a genuine ginger-snap in them, begat the enthusiastic and well-merited applause of a choice and exceedingly critical auditory.

There were thirty-two dances on the programme, and the floor-manager, Mr. Gulick, states, with a gravity carrying conviction with it, that he could not name any individual who sat while the music was being performed. In addition to this, six additional dances were added at special request. Arriving at Oriental Grove at one o'clock, the party broke up into little knots, some to bathe, some to boat, some to eat, some to swing, some to stretch beneath the greenwood tree, and many to flirt. The sale of liquor was prohibited on the boats and upon the ground, and whilst Gambirinus was honorably waited upon, a gracious merriment alone prevailed worthy of the huge family party assembled for this their annual gathering. At four o'clock the excursionists boarded their "trim-built wherries" en route for home, sweet home—and as they sailed up the Sound a meeting was convened at which the health of Mr. Frank Leslie was given and received with an enthusiasm, the 'rah, 'rah of which might have been borne on the wings of the wind to Inter-laken, Mr. Leslie's seat at Saratoga. It spoke of a solid bridge of respect and esteem between employer and employes, and of that mutual goodwill which insures the success of enterprise. The health of the chairman of the committee was also enthusiastically given and suitably responded to, while other toasts enlivened the homeward sail. Again, and just as the steamer with her precious charge had reached the first landing-place, a cheer for Mr. Leslie—three times three, and three times three again, ere the prolonged growl of the tiger could be heard—rang forth from both boats, and with this honest expression of happiness and earnestness the Frank Leslie Excursion disbanded itself until a. d. 1879.

#### The Japanese Indemnity Fund.

DURING the Summer of 1863 three vessels, American, Dutch and French, were fired upon from batteries on the shore of Simonoseki Strait, and the assault was soon afterwards returned by American and French men-of-war. In 1864, by agreement of the diplomatic representatives, a combined fleet of one United States, five British, three French and four Dutch men-of-war bombarded the town of Simonoseki, in retaliation for the assault in 1863. Besides \$420,000 demanded as a compensation for injuries, the Japanese Government was obliged to pay an indemnity of \$3,000,000 to the four Powers for "damages resulting to the interests of treaty Powers." Of this sum the United States received \$750,000, the last installment being paid in 1874. The Japanese have always believed they were unjustly forced into the payment of a larger indemnity than the facts warranted. A similar feeling has been expressed in Congress, and for a number of years efforts have been made to release Japan from a part of her obligations, or to return a portion of the indemnity. The town of Simonoseki is a seaport on the southwestern point of the main island of Nipon, and commands the Strait of Simonoseki, which forms the western entrance to the inland sea of Japan. It has a population of about 10,000 inhabitants. In 1873 the town was nearly destroyed by fire.

#### Chinese Farmers.

We doubt if a happier race exists than the Chinese farmers and peasantry. The farms are small, and so the owners are not wealthy; but they are very respectable. Each farmhouse is a little colony, consisting of some three generations—namely, the grandfather, his children, and his children's children. There they live in peace and harmony together; all who are able work on the farm, and if more labor is required, the stranger is hired to assist them. They live well, dress plainly and are industrious, without being in any way oppressed. The female members of a farmer's household have much more liberty than those of a higher rank. They have small fief as usual, but they are not so confined to the house, or prevented from looking on and speaking to strangers, as the higher classes are. If a stranger enters the court of the house unexpectedly, he will see a number of ladies, both old and young, sitting in the veranda, all industriously employed on some work—some spinning, some sewing or embroidering, and one probably engaged in culinary operations; and if the stranger be an unknown foreigner, the whole will rise hurriedly, and disappear like a covey of partridges, overturning wheels, stools and anything else that may be in their way. "This," says a writer on Chinese customs, "was a frequent scene in my earlier visits, but it gradually wore off when it was found I was a civilized being like themselves. These same ladies afterwards would often ask me to sit down, and even set a chair for me, and bring me a cup of tea with their own fair hands; and while I drank my tea, they would go on with their work, laughing and chatting as freely as if I had been a thousand miles away."

#### A Bulgarian Wake.

WHEN the father of the family feels his end approaching, he sends for the priest and begins to bargain with him about his funeral, and settles the details of his "wake." Having arranged all this and his other worldly affairs, he feels comfortably prepared to leave the world, and when his agony commences, to have a lighted taper placed in his hand, his jaws bound up with a cloth and his eyelids closed. The moment his pulse has stopped, all the pots, pans, jars, kettles, etc., in the house are turned upside down to prevent his soul from taking refuge in one of them, and great care is taken to prevent either man or animal—especially a cat or dog—from stepping across his body, as otherwise he would turn into a vampire, and be a continual nuisance and a danger to his family and the whole community. Within a few hours of death the body is buried, without any coffin, in a shallow grave, eighteen to twenty-four inches deep, and left there for three years, during which time many offerings of food and wine are placed upon it. At the end of the third year the bones of the dead man are dug up, carefully washed, put into a linen bag, laid before the episcopal throne, of which there is one in every village, blessed by the pope, and then finally buried for good. Thus the Bulgarian is well taken care of after his death, unless, indeed, there is any reason to believe that he has become a vampire. In that case the grave is opened and the body transfixed by a stake, or a nail is driven into his breast. If the body is very well preserved, then it is riddled with pistol-shots, and the earth stamped down firmly upon it, or sometimes it is burnt to ashes by a fire made of thorn.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Death is announced of Professor Rokitsky, the distinguished pathologist, and author of researches on the subject of cholera.

The Autumn Meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute will be held in Paris on September 16th and the following days. Several important papers are promised by the engineers and ironmasters of France, Belgium, and Germany.

For the Restoration of Writing effaced by time M. E. von Bibra proposes to moisten the writing with a moderately concentrated solution of tannin, the excess of which is then removed by the application of the washing-bottle, and the paper dried at 55 degrees.

The Death is announced of M. Berthelmy du Mortier, who died on the 9th ult., at Tournai, in his 82nd year. He was the most famous botanist of Belgium, but latterly had devoted himself to politics. As a Minister of State he was enabled to do much for the study of botany, and the Botanic Gardens at Brussels may be regarded as one result of his labors.

Major Ford has performed good service, says the *Athenaeum*, by showing that if dynamite is poured into water, the sand falls to the bottom, and the nitro-glycerine floats on the surface, and explodes with its usual violence if the temperature is slightly increased. This will explain the cause of many of the serious explosions with dynamite when used in wet holes.

Commercial Albumen.—None of the processes hitherto adopted are competent to produce albumen from blood at all comparable in value to egg-albumen. Messrs. Kinszett & Ziegler have overcome this difficulty, and are said to obtain a solution of albumen from blood which will keep during the hottest weather without the slightest decomposition, and is as white as egg albumen. Blood, either crude or defibrinated by whipping, but preferably the prepared serum, is placed in a suitable apparatus with five per cent. of turpentine. For two to ten hours a current of heated air is rapidly blown through the mixture until the bleaching action is completed. After having settled, the albumen solution is siphoned off from any residual oil and passed through gray filter-paper. Albumen so prepared is somewhat analogous to ordinary forms of albumen, but has the additional advantages of gelatinizing entirely when heated and of presenting an albumen-solution which does not putrify. This process depends upon the formation of peroxide of hydrogen, camphoric acid and other bodies, by the aerial oxidation of turpentine, and would be equally applicable to other bleaching operations.

Explorations in Brazil.—Mr. Biggs Wither, who went out as one of an engineering party to open up a road between the Atlantic and Pacific, and traversed much of the country on the banks of the rivers Ivaity and Tibagy, tributaries of the Parana, has written two volumes of genuine and varied interest and much instruction, as the result of his three years' work in a little-known region of South Brazil. Much of his time was spent in the forests of this region, virtually unexplored, and presenting a splendid field for any enterprising naturalist. Mr. Wither is an excellent observer, and his book abounds with information on the natives, the natural history, and physical geography of the region. He met with many adventures, and suffered much from heat and insects, but altogether he seems to have had a thoroughly enjoyable time of it. He writes throughout in an attractive and simple style, and his work must be regarded as an important contribution to a knowledge of the luxuriant region with which it deals. Now that the attention of the United States Government is particularly directed to the establishment of extensive commercial relations with Brazil, the minute information given by Mr. Wither will prove particularly valuable.

The Safety of Narrow Gauge Railroads.—On the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad there are numerous sharp curves over dizzy precipices and on ascending grades which sorely try the nerves of passengers, and as the road is narrow the question is often discussed whether the wide track would not be safer in such constructions. Mr. Henry King in an article on this subject shows that the narrow-gauge is the safer of the two. The tension line of draft is parallel to the grade line, and the curved course of the alignment of the train is preserved by the flanges crowding against the rail and pushing the car into the curve; hence, since the wider the track the larger the outer rail, over which distance the outer wheel must slip ahead or the inner wheel slip back, there will be a certain extra cramp, the sure tendency of which will be to help the inner flange to crawl over the rail and let the car off the track. The matter of upsetting on inclining grades or otherwise, he dismisses with the remark that the narrow cars are no more likely to lose their equilibrium than the wide ones, because the centre of gravity is lowered to correspond with the reduced width, while the lessened weight of cars reduces the momentum, at an equal rate of speed, to nearly one-half that of the broad-gauge cars.

Popular Meteorology in Switzerland.—There is scarcely a town in Switzerland but has in one of its squares an elegant column with instruments required for meteorological observations. Thus in Fribourg is a black marble column about eight feet in height on a granite platform. On the north face is an alcohol thermometer, with double graduation cut in the marble; on the west, a mercury barometer; on the east, a hair hygrometer. The south face has an inscription giving the longitude, latitude, altitude, barometric and thermometric means, and annual rainfall. On a globe crowning the column are lines giving the direction of the four cardinal points. The monument cost not more than 1,500 to 2,000 francs. In some of the towns the columns give other information in addition to the above—e. g., the hour in different cities of the globe when it is midday at Berne, the heights of neighboring mountains, measures, variations of lake level, records of severe winters, etc.—in short, the chief points that a pardonable curiosity would desire to know about. These columns are much visited by the populace, and serve to educate the people in judging of the weather, and are great aids to the public schools. They are generally erected by the various scientific societies of the cantons.

A Promised Work on the French Exhibition of 1878.—One of the leading publishing houses of Paris is making arrangements for the speedy appearance of an enormous work "Etudes Sur l'Exposition de 1878," under the direction of M. E. Lacroix. This work is intended to be a complete record of the progress made in all the arts up to the present date, and its thoroughness and value have been assured by the promised co-operation of a large number of leading authorities. The French Ministers of Public Works, of Commerce, and of Agriculture have already promised all necessary assistance on the part of the Government, so that the undertaking will start under the most favorable auspices. It will be an extremely interesting study to follow the progress of many of the most important inventions and discoveries of modern times, tracing them from the London Exhibition of 1851 through the successive exhibitions of 1855, 1862, 1867, 1873, and 1876. It will be found that many of them have had their origin since 1851, others since 1855, while a few will make their first appearance in 1878. The development of our industry, from the first glow of its morning until it reaches the splendor of the noonday sun is a subject which the French will know how to describe in the most captivating language and adorn with the most luxurious wood-cuts.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. A. T. STEWART contemplates founding a diocesan divinity school at Garden City.

DOM PEDRO has given \$2,000 from his private purse to aid Brazilian music-students in Europe.

THE sale of ex-Queen Isabella's jewels has brought \$720,000, and the old lady has some jewelry left.

THE Prince of Wales intends visiting Australia and contiguous English colonies next year; also China and Japan.

MR. DARWIN, the great biologist, has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences.

STACY BAXTER, Professor of Elocution at Harvard College, was drowned at Cape May Point, N. J., August 16th.

PRESIDENT ROBBINS, of Colby University, at Waterville, Me., has married Miss Cordelia E. Nott, of New Haven, Conn.

THE Emperor William is anxious, if it be at all possible, to open the next session of the German Parliament in person.

AARON P. LELAND, father of the well-known family of hotel-keepers, died at his farm near Cleveland, Ohio, August 13th.

THE King of Burmah recently imprisoned all his Ministers for several hours because they were not punctual in attending a council.

HENRY J. MONTAGUE, the well-known actor, died at San Francisco of hemorrhage of the lungs, on August 11th, aged thirty-five.

THE Rev. John H. Raymond, D.D., President of Nassau College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., died August 14th, after an illness of several weeks, aged 64.

THERE is some complaint in army circles in England over the fact that Sir Garnet Wolseley took none but Ashantee campaigners with him to Cyprus.

SIR COWAJEE JEHANGHER, one of the Emperors of India's subjects, died the other day at Bombay. It was found that his charities in that city have amounted to \$1,250,000.

EVERETT AUGUSTUS DUTCHINCK, joint compiler with his brother of the "Cyclopaedia of American Literature," and a voluminous author, died in New York City, August 13th, aged 62.

THE Rev. Thomas Worcester, D.D., aged eighty-three, died at Waltham, Mass., August 14th, of apoplexy. He was the first Swedenborgian pastor in the State, having settled in Boston in 1813.

ERNEST GYE, the opera manager, and Mile. Albani, the American prima donna, were married August 6th, at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street, London. The ceremony was entirely private, the nearest relatives only being present.

ON account of their connection with the Berlin Congress, Prince Hohenlohe and Count von Bismarck have received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and MM. Ratowits, Holstein and Busch have received minor grades of the order. These appointments are regarded as indicative of the good feeling between France and Germany.

It is a good thing for Egypt that its thrifless ruler has summoned Nubar Pasha from Paris to help him set his house in order. Nubar is the most enlightened Minister the Khédive ever had, and if his counsels had prevailed, doubtless half the difficulties which now involve Egypt would never have occurred. He is a man of about fifty-two, and speaks English and French as readily as his own language.

GENERAL GRANT writes to a friend in Philadelphia that after visiting Austria he designs spending some four or five weeks at some watering-place on the Continent. His present intention is to make a tour of the world, passing the winter months in India and China. After observing the methods and manners of most of the people on the face of the globe, he will return to America by the way of San Francisco.

THE French Government has given permission for the remains of David, the great painter, whose classical canvases adorn the walls of the Louvre, and whose fame is the heritage of all France, to be brought back to his country. He was also a fierce Jacobin member of the terrible Convention of '93, and voted the death of Louis XVI., and when he died in exile at Brussels, fifty-three years ago, the Government of the Restoration refused to let the bones of the "regicide" cross the French frontier.

THE Pope, says a correspondent at Rome, "like Martha, is troubled about many things. As he says of himself, not a clerk works harder than he does. He is at his writing-table by eight o'clock, and remains there sometimes six hours. All the reports from the State Office and other congregations pass under his review; he never signs a paper without first understanding all its meaning. This close application is telling on his health. He has grown thin, weak, cannot sleep nor eat. At last he has been prevailed upon to drive out daily in a carriage; to take an airing in the fine, spacious Vatican gardens."

CARDINAL LORENZO NINA, who has been created Cardinal Secretary of State by His Holiness Leo XIII., is one of the Diocesan Cardinals, as was the former Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli. He was born in Recanati on the 12th of May, 1812. He was created and published Cardinal Deacon on the 12th of March, 1877, by His Holiness Pius IX. His title was that of San Angelo in Pescheria. He was Prefetto della Economia of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide and the President of the Comiti degli Stogli, and pro Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. He was a member of the Congregations of the Inquisition, of the Regular Clergy, of the Propaganda for Affairs of the Oriental Rite, of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. He is but two years the junior of Pope Leo XIII. and of His Eminence Cardinal Archbishop McCloskey.

THE British residents of San Francisco have changed their design of a present to Lord Beaconsfield, and will send him a casket instead of a gold brick on a base of silver. On the top of the casket, in relief, will be the Beaconsfield arms; at each side to be cabinets containing specimens of California ore, inlaid with mosaic gold quartz; on one end, in relief, an Indian soldier grasping the hand of a British soldier, with the motto underneath, "Defense, not defiance," and on the other end a British sailor, with the motto, "Ready, ay, Ready." The British arms, with rose, shamrock and thistle, to have the centre of the front of the casket, and the arms of California the back, while around the edges are to be an endless cable, indicative of England's nautical supremacy. Inside of the casket, the design provides for a roller on which to fold a sheet of vellum containing the address and photographed signatures of the subscribers, the roller to work on the spring principle of a window-shade, using as a design for the handle a crossed pen and sword surmounted by the earl's crest in gold.





TRACK OF THE FATAL TORNADO.—APPEARANCE OF HIGH STREET AFTER THE STORM.



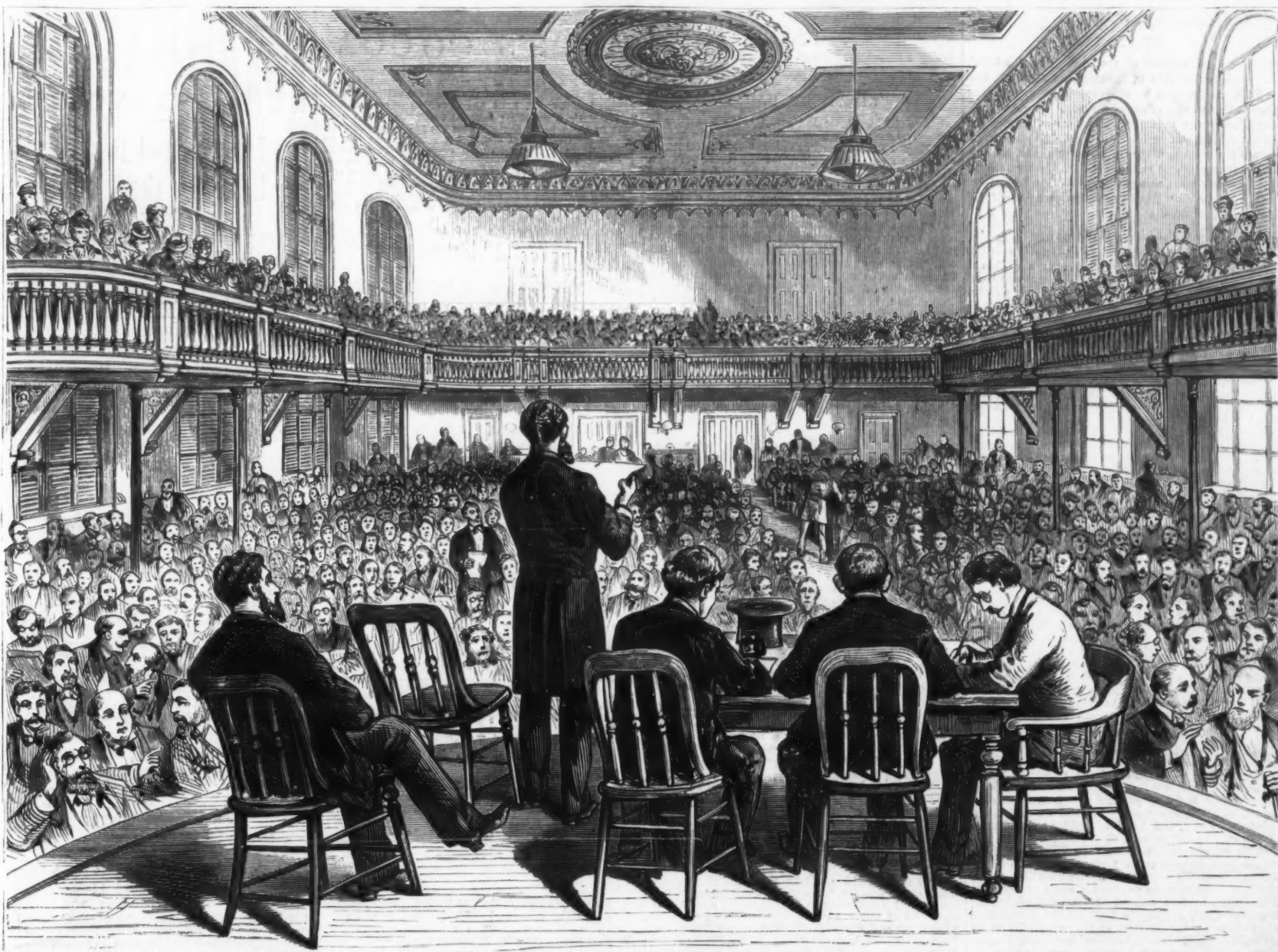
INTERIOR OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE USED AS A MORGUE FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE BODIES OF VICTIMS.



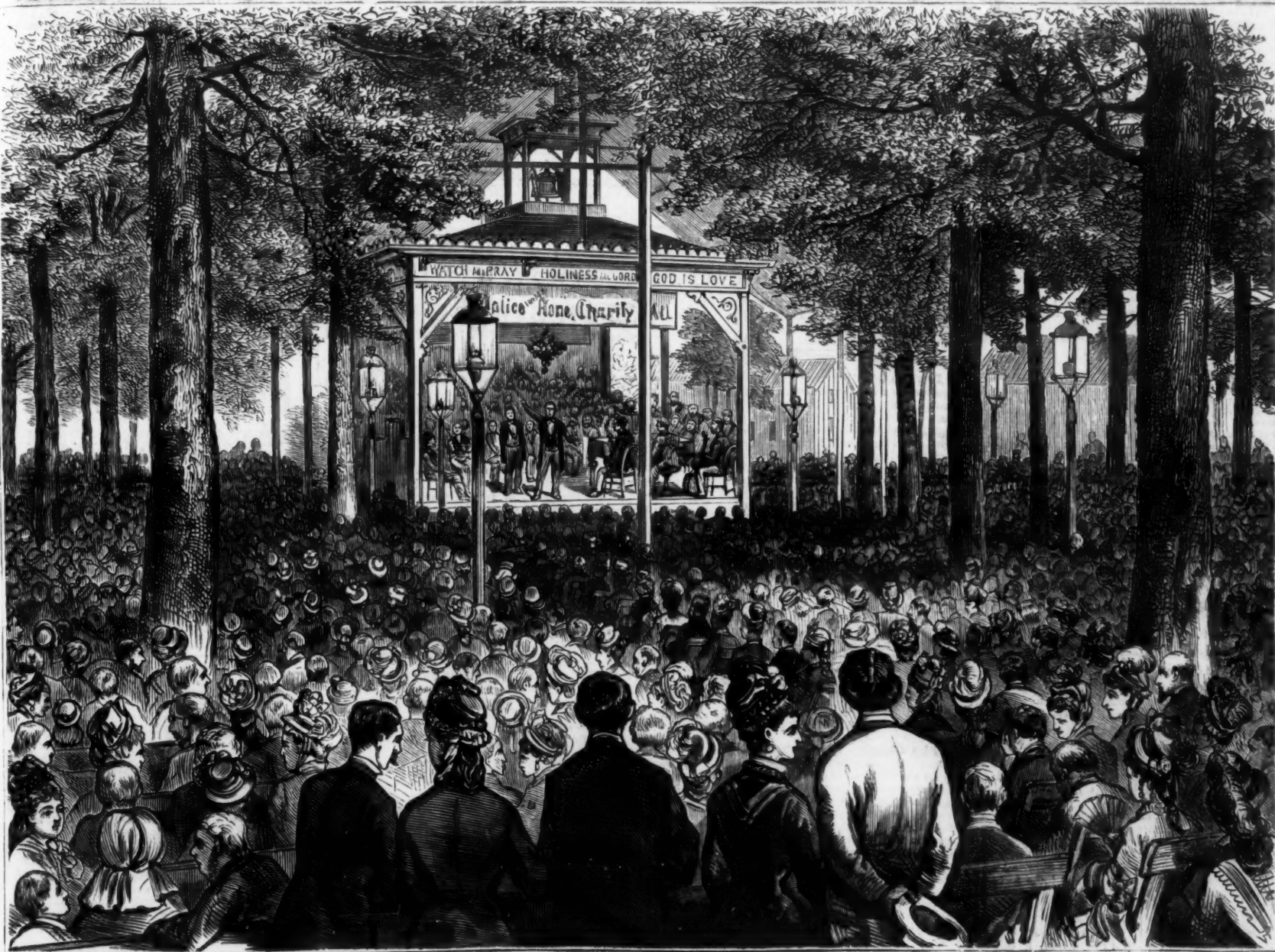
PHYSICIANS AND CITIZENS ATTENDING THE INJURED IN THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL FITTED UP IN THE TOWN HALL.

CONNECTICUT.—THE TERRIBLE TORNADO AT WALLINGFORD, AUGUST 8TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 438.





NEW YORK.—ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION IN THE TOWN HALL, SARATOGA, AUGUST 8TH AND 9TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE R. HALM.—SEE PAGE 442.



CAMP-MEETING GROUNDS AT ROUND LAKE.—AN EARLY MORNING SERVICE IN THE TABERNACLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE R. HALM.—SEE PAGE 442.



## THE CONVENTION OF BANKERS AT SARATOGA.

THE annual session of the American Bankers' Association, held at Saratoga on July 7th, 8th and 9th, was marked by several important declarations in the interest of sound finance. The Association, during the past year, has labored earnestly, by the diffusion of circulars and printed papers, to secure the return of specie payments, and all the addresses made and papers read during the sittings bore directly upon this question.

In a paper on "Hard Times," read by Mr. J. D. Hayes, of Detroit, the

## OUTCRY AGAINST MONOPOLISTS

and bank stockholders was very effectively met by these statistics: Of the 1,432,746 shares of bank stock in the State of New York, 12,784 persons own less than ten shares each, 6,963 own twenty shares or less, and the whole number of shareholders is 34,181, an average of about forty-three shares to each. In the whole United States only 767 out of 208,486 shareholders own over 500 shares each. He ridiculed the cry that the Government should furnish money for all, and asked: "Why should not the Government furnish doctors for the people, as well as banks and money? Law is for the people, yet the Government does not furnish lawyers for all of them." In reply to the cry that banks receive double interest, he read a table showing that the banks paid direct Government taxes of about \$7,076,087, and \$9,701,732 to States, counties and municipalities, being \$2,182,879 more than the Government paid them for interest on bonds held by them. Referring to

## THE CRY FOR CHEAP MONEY,

he showed how France was nearly ruined by it. Regarding bank loans and interest, he said that banks had 250 per cent. more loaned at an average less than 6 per cent. in 1877 than was loaned in 1860, and millions were now waiting for investment. Tell us how to invest from \$1 to \$50,000,000 that will pay expenses and bring back 5 per cent., and the money stands waiting, ready and anxious to step into business. There are over \$2,500,000,000 of railroad bonds and stocks which pay their owners nothing. There are \$500,000,000 worth of iron furnaces and manufacturing establishments idle, and there are \$600,000,000 in shipping hopelessly tied up. Shall we clear the forests of lumber, and convert it into money? We make enough now annually to load a continuous train 30,000 miles long. The

## PURCHASING POWER OF MONEY

is about three times as much as it was in times of inflation; more irredeemable money will not help us out. We have no greater proportion of poor men than other countries. In 1876 we had 2,918 spirit distilleries, and 3,293 breweries; paid taxes of \$39,795,339 on tobacco, cigars and snuff, to say nothing of imported liquors. We thus had 6,211 establishments for manufacturing spirits and beer, and only 2,089 National Banks. From which of the two sources comes the greatest amount of suffering and misery? The capital of the prudent, industrious and self-denying is held by the banks and pays taxes for the support of the whole fabric of civilized society. Destroy or distribute capital upon a pro rata basis and the whole system of Government would fall to the ground, and the nation would be on the downward road to barbarism and ruin.

At the second day's sitting Mr. J. D. Vermile, of New York, presented a table prepared at the Clearing House, showing the disastrous effects which had been produced and were still menacing the country with further mischief, by reason of excessive taxation of banks. At the same sitting Mr. B. T. Wourse, of Boston, read a paper on the popular demand for a substitution of

## GREENBACKS

for National Bank notes, with objections to it. He said the demand is for a monetary revolution. Nowhere except in this country has it entered the mind of a sane man that the act of the Government in stamping on a piece of paper or leather "This is a dollar," and making it legal tender, could impart to it commercial or exchangeable value equal to a coin dollar. In old times absolute rulers, when pressed, forced people to use, and creditors—if not too powerful—to accept, debased coin. Though clothed with despotic power and able to enforce the use of debased coin, they were never so silly as to attempt to enforce the use of "flat money" as currency. There is no constitutional power in the country to make anything but gold and silver coin legal-tender.

## A SOUND PLATFORM.

The Association, before finally adjourning, adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Association the near approach of the day appointed by law for resumption of coin payments and values is to be hailed as an event of the highest significance to the prosperity and welfare of the whole nation, because it is the only means by which industry, trade and general tranquility and contentment can be restored to the people. The American Bankers' Association, therefore, pledges aid and support to the Government in a return to a specie standard in the transaction of the financial affairs of the country.

Resolved, That the resources of the country arising from abundant crops in several successive years, the extraordinary mineral wealth, the large credit balance of trade with other nations and from the rapid development of mechanical inventions and appliances by which productive industry has been facilitated and increased, all happily concur in supplying the necessary means for resumption.

## MORNING SERVICE AT THE ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.

DURING the present season the attendance at the various camp-meetings throughout the country has been very large, and proves that the popular interest in this attractive form of religious worship is increasing with each year. Among the best known and pleasantest camp-meeting grounds is that at Round Lake, N. Y. The grounds are carefully laid out, buildings have been erected, and everything experience suggested as expedient has been done to render the visitors' stay enjoyable. Among the features for which Round Lake is noted is a model of Jerusalem, with all the celebrated buildings and historic scenes carefully reproduced. It is built on the scale of 2 1/2 feet to the mile, and occupies a space exceeding half an acre. Among the camp-meetings held at Round Lake were the Sunday-school Convention commencing July 9th and closing July 19th, and that of the National Christian Temperance Union. The latter continued for eight days, from August 6th to August 14th, and was under the leadership of Francis Murphy. Great enthusiasm was excited. Many of the leading temperance advocates were present and addressed the meetings, and large numbers donned the blue

ribbon. It is estimated that over 100,000 persons visited the grounds during the time of the meeting. Our illustration depicts a scene at the tabernacle during a morning meeting.

## BOUND BROOK RAILROAD.

STEEL Rails, Stone Ballast, Double Track, and the only line that can make the run in two hours! The Bound Brook Road has placed additional trains on their route, making sixteen daily trains between Philadelphia and New York. The 7:45 A.M. train makes the run from city to city in two hours—the fastest time yet made, and which cannot be accomplished by other routes running through populous towns, involving the necessity of "slowing-up," and after ruinous rates of speed between stations to make up schedule time. In addition to a safe rate of speed—always an object to travelers—the Bound Brook is based upon principle, and conducted by gentlemen with an utter freedom from the arrogance that, in the past, has been accorded as a characteristic of many of the self-satisfied monarchs of transportation who depend entirely upon the public for patronage.

## FUN.

A LEMON is an insignificant thing, but we like its ade in keeping cool.

"WHAT business is your father in, my child?" "Sure! and I do no. He a dictator, or an agitator, or a speculator, a tatur of some kind, anny way."

AN Albany clergyman was recently telling a marvelous story, when his little girl said: "Now, pop, say, is that really true, or is it just preaching?"

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, the flying age, and now I am in the moulting age, and —" there it stuck.

A LECTURER, addressing a mechanics' institute, contended that "Art could not improve Nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

"I WISH you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long weight for mine," replied the grocer.

DID the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not: "And he shall snatch on the right hand and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and shall not be satisfied."

"Now, then, madam, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he had put her in position, and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the spot indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there."

"My son, would you like to steal one of those melons?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "You would, eh? I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result might be?" The lad scratched his head, surveyed the pile again, and answered, "I expect the plaguey thing would be green all the way through!"

## "LAUGH AND GROW FAT."

This ancient bit of advice is well enough for "spare" people, but how about those that are already too fat? What is to become of them? Sit still, and I'll tell you. After many experiments, extending through months of patient investigation and toil, the celebrated analytical chemist, J. C. Allan, has perfected and given to the world Allan's Anti-Fat. Thus far in several hundred cases this great remedy has never failed to reduce a corpulent person from three to six pounds per week. It is perfectly harmless and positively efficient. Sold by druggists.

MEN'SMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC contains the entire nutritious properties of beef. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease; and in every form of debility, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, Fifth Avenue Hotel Building, New York.

THE CHARITY HOSPITAL AT NEW ORLEANS enjoys deservedly a world-wide reputation as being one of the best managed institutions for the relief of the ill of suffering mankind. In the present afflicted condition of the Crescent City it seems providential that the existence of Charity Hospital has been maintained during many years of political and financial distress by the liberal gratuities received through the famous Louisiana State Lottery Company. The drawings of this institution take place monthly on the second Tuesday, and for information address M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.; or, H. L. Plum, 319 Broadway, New York.

AS ANNOUNCED elsewhere, the Fifth Grand Distribution of the Commonwealth Distribution Company of Louisville, Ky., will take place on September 30th, next. This organization acts under authority of the State of Kentucky, and as it never scales nor postpones its drawings, it has met with a flattering public support. It studiously keeps faith with its patrons, and being managed by gentlemen well-known throughout the West for their integrity, it affords the public an opportunity to realize a handsome fortune from a small investment.

The Change of the Times, and, in consequence, the manner of doing business in Wall Street in all descriptions of stocks, is the natural result of the present depressed state of trade throughout the country, and renders it more necessary for investors and speculators to work on a smaller basis than formerly, and, while doing so, to be more cautious in feeling that their ventures are in the hands of reliable and trustworthy brokers. We are glad to see, therefore, that the reliable house of Messrs. Peck, Gilbert & Co., of 16 Broad Street, have announced their intention to pay the same attention to small investments as given to large in the various active stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. This firm also deal in fire, bank and miscellaneous securities, and are highly recommended. They very kindly send information free concerning the stock business, on application personally or by mail.

## GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

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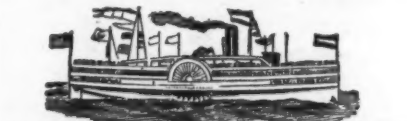
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LITERATURE	
The Summer School at Lake Chautauqua. By Rev. Theodore L. Flood.	The Time is Short.—Lady Strangford.
Hymn to Christ.—Jonah and the Whale.	The Invalid's Portion, and Thoughts for the Afflicted.—"The Uses of Affliction."
Country Life in Sweden.	The Everlasting Arms. By T. L. Cuyler, D.D.
Ye have Need of Patience.—Religious Belief of Friends.	The Sucurubya, or Gigantic Boa.
Michael Aldree's Freehold. By Mrs. Prosser.	Brother and Sister Bed, in Sweden.
John Elliot.—Lamprey Fishing.	Hours with English Sacred Poets. Eighth Paper: "W. A." Henry Peacham, W. Alexander.
The Mapleton Plan. By S. Bates. (Concluded).	The Sand Grouse.—The Balloon at Anchor.
Walters' Devotion.—The Chameleon.	Intemperance: Woman's Seductiveness.
How Mont Perdu was Scaled.	Only a Withered Flower. By N. B. Williams.
Schiller.	Fifty Dollars or Fifty Cents.—Human Progress.
The Unbelieving Beavers.	Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Childhood.
Memory.—Who shall meet Thee?—The Bourbon Palm.	The Dagmar Cross.
The Escape of Grotius. By Alfred H. Guernsey.	Decide Now. Brought in by a Smile.
The Curate and the Bricklayer.—Himself He could not save.	The Novice of Jerusalem. Translated by Rosalie E. Nairne.
Music and Religion.	Preaching to Strangers.
The Swede's Stone at Lutten.	Popular Exegesis. By the Editor.
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Our Heritage. By Meta E. B. Thorne.—Aims and Ends.	In Mischief Again.
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The Gray Swan. By Alice Carey.	The Via Mala, Switzerland.
Hope Deferred.	The Silver Chord.—An Elephant-drive on the Moanza.
Mrs. Frazer's Adventures in Australia.	The Workers in the Vineyard. By Mrs. H. Wilson.
Who Sold Joseph? By M. V. Moore.	Lazy Patty.
Chamouni.	Estelle's Letters.
The Deer Mouse.—The Last Ascent of Mount Ararat.	At Home and Abroad.
A Dieu! By J. E. Rankin, D.D.	Mission Notes.
The Peace of Love. By Mary L. Sherman.	Sunday-school Notes.
How he Learned Charity. By Frances L. Wadleigh.	Y. M. C. A. Notes.—Unto Him.
Where is the Little Mistress of the House? By Mrs. S. E. Sells.	Editor's Portfolio: Defrauding the Rich.—Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus.—N. B.—The Sign and the Signified.—Church Letters.
A Monkey Mass-Meeting.—The late King and Queen of Siam.	Editor's Note-book.—Our Letter-book.
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The Home Pulpit: "Taking the Stone Away." By the Editor.	Music: "Nellie."
The Temple Car at Negapatam.	
Sequoiah, the Cherokee Cadmus.	
The Past and the Present: An Episode. By Mrs. H. E. Whitney.	

ENGRAVINGS.	
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Fair Point, Lake Chautauqua.	A Monkey Mass-meeting.
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A Swedish Peasant.	There is a Quiet Land.
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Swedish Girl in Sunday Attire.	Brother and Sister Bed, Sweden.
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Motto: "The Lord looketh on the Heart."	In Mischief Again: "Have you been tying a knot?"
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